

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'The Resurrection': centre panel of a triptych in the Louvre (School of Hans Memling, c. 1430-1495)

Easter 1957





## A Cruise to the 'Gay Northern Capitals'

If you have never visited Scandinavia, take a P & O cruise and be prepared for one of the most enjoyable holidays ever. You will be surprised and delighted with the gaiety and 'life' around you, in the enchanting Northern cities you will visit—Oslo, Stockholm, Helsinki and Copenhagen.

All these places, abounding with interest and history, are yours to explore. On this same cruise enjoy the scenic grandeur of the Fjords in the acme of comfort. This glorious 21-day cruise on the spacious P & O ship "Arcadia"—leaves Southampton on July 27th. First Class from £152 to £233—Tourist Class from £87 to £120.

*Alternatively it is still possible to secure accommodation, First Class, on some cruises during June, July, August and September and limited Tourist Class accommodation in four and six berth cabins during July, August and September, to the Mediterranean.*

Your local Travel Agent will help you, or write direct to

**P&O**

14/16 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3



## ITALY

the picturesque Italian lakes await you and offer a peaceful holiday with customary Italian hospitality

NO PETROL RATIONING

Reduction in the price of petrol for tourists

Information:

Your Travel Agent or

**ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT)**

201, REGENT STREET, LONDON W.



## India WELCOMES YOU



Moonlit temples on the banks of holy rivers ... ceremonial processions ablaze with colour ... peasant crafts and Mogul splendours ... India, gorgeous with the magnificence of the past, offers all these together with air-conditioned hotels, on-time railways and efficient airlines. India, modern India, fabulous and friendly, welcomes YOU.

**BRIHADESVARA Temple, Tanjore**, with its exquisitely carved tower, is not only a place of Hindu worship but a cultural centre, a visit to which is a real experience.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries from your TRAVEL AGENT or

**GOVERNMENT OF INDIA  
TOURIST OFFICE**

28 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1 TRA 1718



# The Listener

Vol. LVII. No. 1464

Thursday April 18 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	636
The Corridors of Power (C. P. Snow)	619	LAW IN ACTION:	
Uganda: Building a Country (Sir Andrew Cohen)	621	Liability for a Child's Wrongful Acts (R. F. V. Heuston)	638
South of Sahara—V (William Clark)	623	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
THE LISTENER:		From J. P. Corbett, William Tatton Brown, Joan Robinson, J. M. Puri, Sir Herbert Read, Eric Newton, Robert Graves, Val Gielgud, R. J. E. Silvey, and J. J. Sullivan	642
Thoughts at Easter	624	LITERATURE:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	624	The Listener's Book Chronicle	645
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		New Novels (Ronald Bryden)	648
Denmark Prepares for the Queen's Visit (Godfrey Talbot)	625	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
A Delightful Evening in 1814 (Jeanette Howarth)	625	Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong)	649
A Memory of Sir Alexander Fleming (Eve Road)	626	Television Drama (J. C. Trewin)	649
Dovecots as Ancient Monuments (Maurice E. Taylor)	626	Sound Drama (Roy Walker)	650
MISCELLANEOUS:		The Spoken Word (Michael Swan)	651
The Logic Game—I (A. N. Prior)	627	Music (Dyneley Hussey)	651
Inventor of the Aunt-frightening Island (R. H. Pearson)	640	MUSIC:	
POEMS:		Mendelssohn's String Quartets (John Horton)	653
Good Friday (Vernon Watkins)	628	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	655
Bread (R. S. Thomas)	635	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	655
ART:		CROSSWORD NO. 1,403	655
Style and Vision—V (Eric Newton)	629		
Round the London Galleries (Andrew Forge)	632		
RELIGION:			
The New Man—IV: Is Christianity Still Relevant? (Ronald Gregor Smith)	633		
In Defence of the Faith (Rev. Henry Chadwick)	634		

## The Corridors of Power

By C. P. SNOW

I WAS about seventeen, walking down a street in Leicester after a chess match. I was walking with a middle-aged man who was always agreeable to be with. He was gentle, fond of books, contented with an uneventful life, obliquely humorous, the sort of oddity it was fun to know at my age in a provincial town. Somehow we had got to talking about the French Revolution.

'I hope you realise who were behind that?' said my acquaintance.

'No?' I said. 'The Rosicrucians', he said. 'What made it worse, the inner circle of the Rosicrucians. It would never have happened if it hadn't been for them'.

I thought he was joking. But he was not joking in the slightest. His expression, which was usually amiable and slightly teasing, had become fixed in a kind of fascinated hate. The Rosicrucians, or rather, in his view, a secret conspiracy of their leaders, had not only produced the French Revolution but also the Russian one. He had a vision of a handful of men, meeting with mysterious ceremony in darkened rooms. He found the vision, I think, both horrifying and obscurely romantic. They were still at it, he thought, still plotting with diabolical efficiency. They did it all, he was convinced, out of sheer malevolence and love of power.

That was one idea of how the world ticks; a mildly eccentric one, most people would agree. But most people have their own idea of how the world ticks. It usually is not as cranky as my old acquaintance's, but it bears a certain family resemblance. It is not

easy to get the feel of how the machinery of a modern society works at all. Most of us tend to make lurid pictures of power and those who hold the power. Those pictures seem to be made up of all the secret societies, all the grey eminences, we have ever heard of: Lenin's sealed train, the atomic spies, Harry Hopkins at the White House, the Yalta Conference—such pictures can be exciting, they may even be true, but they do not make it easier to understand the world we are living in. The working truth is a good deal more difficult, nothing like as lurid, and quite as interesting.

The most characteristic picture of modern power is nothing at all sinister. It is no more or less remarkable than an office—I mean, an office building. Office buildings are much the same all over the world. Down the corridor of one of these offices, of any of them, a man is walking briskly. He is carrying a folder of papers. He is middle-aged and well-preserved, muscular, and active. He is not a great tycoon but he is well above the middle of his particular ladder. He meets someone in the corridor not unlike himself. They are talking business. They are not intriguing. One of them says: 'This is going to be a difficult one'—meaning a question on which, in a few minutes, they are going to take different sides. They are off to a meeting of a dozen similar bosses. They will be at it for hours.

That is the face of power in a society like ours, a simple and unassuming face. By 'a society like ours' I am not thinking of political forms. Certainly in societies which are as industrially and technically highly organised as, say, the United States, ourselves,



and Sweden, there are a number of people making decisions, taking choices, which, to all intents and purposes, are identical. I am thinking of the higher officials, the factory managers, the upper bureaucrats, the cost accountants, the personnel officers, the chief designers, the people who are springing up because our societies cannot get on without them. Let me borrow a word from James Burnham, and call them 'the managers' of the modern world. It is not a perfect term, but it will do. In the whole world, there are not a large number of these managers at the level I am thinking of. The number is, perhaps, something like 100,000, a little smaller, say, than the population of a town like Norwich. So far as anyone possesses power in the modern world, these do.

### More Competent, less Speculative

What are they like? The short answer is, much like you and me. In a large number of people doing different jobs all over the world one is bound to find all sorts of persons, and it is foolish to make generalisations. But, foolish as it is, I am going to risk it. I believe there are some respects in which, on the average, the managers of this world are significantly a little different from you and me. To begin with, they like managing. They like responsibility—that is what the managers say. They like power—that is what the managed say. In any case, it is right that they should, if they are going to do their jobs at all. They like to see something practical for their efforts, to see the machines coming off the production line or the milk safely distributed on each doorstep. They are considerably more competent than the rest of us and rather less speculative. They do not question much the value of what they are doing and they are totally loyal to whatever society they happen to be working for. That is, the English and American managers are absolutely solid for the western way of life: the Russian managers seem to be just as solid for their own. Yet, if they meet and discuss their daily jobs, they have a great deal of fellow feeling, they know the others are pretty sensible chaps doing pretty sensible things. It is the greatest mistake to think of the managers as desiccated. They have learned to guard their tongues—that is part of their job: but they are masculine, vigorous characters. A friend of mine, meeting a group of them for the first time, described them as 'savage-looking, reputable men'.

There comes to my mind someone who always seemed to me a very good type-specimen of the manager. He flourished not in official or industrial life but in academic life. He was a powerful man physically—that is true of a great many managers—short and thick; taking decisions was the breath of life to him. Almost any kind of decision: pulling down a wall, altering the time of a lecture, electing a Chancellor. He had a great aptitude for power; and, of course, he got it, even though colleagues who were not so able grumbled that he was not an intellectual at all, which was, in a sense, true. Nevertheless, he got all the practical jobs that were going. He did them very well. Then, again like so many managers, he died in full career.

### Working Model of Managerial Society

These men are human enough. They are not even specially mysterious. Watch with attention the machinery of a local football club or an amateur dramatic society. Notice who gets the power, how they get it, and what they do with it. If you do that, you will have a good working model of managerial society. Men do not alter much because they are operating on a bigger scale. It is important that we should get an understanding of what our managers are like and how their society works. It is important we should if the world is to be livable in. Most people, I think, are frightened off for one of three reasons.

The first reason really amounts to a hatred of the managerial society itself. It is rather like Dickens and the Circumlocution Office, pretending that men's social condition would be infinitely improved if we had no official relations at all and substituted simple instinctive relations of fortunate men to unfortunate men. It

is a nice dream: we have all had it. The only serious objection is that it is utterly untrue. The whole point of the managerial society is to save us from simple instinctive relations of fortunate men to unfortunate men. Sometimes those relations are very beautiful: sometimes they are not so beautiful: for an example, recent in time and near at home, read Cecil Woodham Smith's account of the Anglo-Irish landlords' behaviour to their tenants in the great Irish famine. All over the world, men in their collective wisdom have decided that the non-beautiful examples are a hundred times more likely than the beautiful examples, and men in their collective wisdom are right. Out of official relations, one cannot in the nature of things get generosity—only fairness; but the fairness is more than most men have ever had. That is why the managerial society is in the long run men's best source of social hope.

The second reason why people are uneasy with the managers has a little more in it. It is that they take on rather too much of the 'padding' of power; that they talk as though they were always in the right; that they become too kind to themselves. This is the occupational risk of managers everywhere. Take one example: I suppose about a hundred times in my life, in all sorts of groups, I have heard remarks of this nature: 'I feel we oughtn't to give X this award just yet, in his own best interests . . .', or else: 'Aren't we all agreed that it wouldn't be in the man's own best interests to say "yes" to his request?' 'In his own best interests . . .'; as I say, I have heard that ominous phrase at least a hundred times, and each time it meant that some unlucky chap was being dished—far more often than not for perfectly good reasons, but it is one thing to stop a man getting what he wants, and another to congratulate yourselves on what a good turn you are doing him. That is part of the 'cant' of power; and we have too much of it. Meanwhile, if you hear anyone talking to you about your own best interests, look out for yourself.

### Dangerous Power

But there is only one really good reason for regarding the managers with distrust. That is, they possess power: and we all feel deep in our hearts that it is dangerous for anyone, it doesn't matter who he is, to have any power at all. Anyone who doubts it has only to ask himself what he would be like if he had the power. Some would feel jolly at the thought and sincerely believe that they would be nothing but splendid and benevolent. They are the ones who ought to be kept away from it at all costs. Yet, someone has to keep society going. In the long run, someone has to have some power: and, of all the people who have ever possessed it, the managers of modern society are probably as well-intentioned as any.

That leads me to a dilemma which will probably worry the western world more in the next twenty years, not less. We are frightened of power and those who possess it; so we have invented a good many safeguards, and checks and balances. That is wise; it is a defence against the worst in human nature; it makes the western countries more tolerable to live in. But on the other hand, in some directions at least we ought to give our managers their heads. Let me take two examples: one of them is more or less local to this country, one which is true all over the western world. The local example is atomic power.

To give this country a real chance in the next generation, we cannot waste a year now. The managers know what they want to do—shall we let them? Or will the checks and balances be too strong? In something the same way, if the western world next century is to compete with Russia and China, it must re-shape a great deal of its education. We must become far more scientific. Plenty of managers in the United States and this country and France agree on what we should try to do. Will it happen? We are faced with a dilemma about those active men walking down the corridors. It is a very old dilemma, and I do not pretend there is an easy answer to it. How are we going to prevent them having dangerous power, and, at one and the same time, let them have enough power to see us through?—*Home Service*



# Uganda: Building a Country

By SIR ANDREW COHEN

I AM anxious not to speak with a proconsular air; but a modern colonial Governor in a country like Uganda has his finger in most pies and gets round the country much more than most people. So, as a very recent Governor, I shall try to speak realistically.

It is the business of any government to develop the strengths of a country and remove its weaknesses. But I am going to talk about the sort of country where not only this kind of development has had to be done but also the building up of the basic public institutions, and, still more important, of the people.

In the technical parlance of colonial policy, Uganda is known as an African, or primarily African, country. Since everyone knows that it is in the heart of Equatorial Africa this may seem a blinding glimpse of the obvious. What it means, of course, is that almost all its people are Africans, 5,500,000 of them, and that it has few settled Europeans and only a small number of settled Asians. The basic policy for Uganda is non-controversial; to help the country move forward to self-government. This task is not easy and it cannot be accomplished except by steady building, though we are pledged to move forward as quickly as we can, and indeed we have been doing so during the last few years.

I believe this policy gives most people in Britain a genuine satisfaction. But sometimes, perhaps, the nature of the task tends to be oversimplified. One view often heard in this country sees everything in terms of economic and social advance. 'Raise the standard of living', they say, 'develop the natural resources, improve and extend education, and politics will follow on by itself'. There is an opposite view which some Africans in Uganda hold; that if you go forward rapidly and democratically in the political sense, self-interest will ensure that economic and social problems look after themselves. I believe that both views are incomplete. I would put the position like this: Economic and educational development are vitally important. But they have had to be accompanied by political advance in order to go forward effectively. I would like to enlarge a little on both points.

Like the rest of tropical Africa, Uganda has few educated men and women compared with more developed countries. Yet it needs large numbers of them to take part in industry and trade, for the Civil Service and the professions, and to run the country's institutions—



Africans learning to read: part of a campaign for 'mass literacy' in Uganda

including its Native Governments and local government bodies. A traditional tribal council of uneducated men can defend existing interests and settle local disputes extremely well; they have done so for generations. What they cannot do without educated members and officers is to take over the new duties which a modern state requires. In Uganda the process has started of giving to Native Governments and local authorities a large part of the responsibility for health, education, and agricultural services. As in all other fields, the only thing which can give training in responsibility is the genuine exercise of responsibility. No substitute has yet been found, nor will be.

So there has had to be a big increase in the output of secondary schools and of our University College of Makerere. Primary schools have had to be greatly expanded, because they are the basis of all educational development. We have had to make up the serious lag in girls' education, push on with technical schools, and make a start with adult education.

You will be aware of the enormous question all this poses. Who is to pay for it? The answer again is that you have to build, and again not only with things but with people. Things mean extending basic economic services to help development. The most striking in Uganda are the Owen Falls dam on the Nile and the extension of the railway 200 miles to the copper mines in the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon.

Mining and secondary industries are needed to broaden the basis of the country's economy, too vulnerable at present because Uganda derives its wealth chiefly from two main agricultural crops. The country is the largest coffee producer in the Commonwealth



The Owen Falls dam on the Nile, Uganda



and the largest cotton producer among colonial territories. These two crops, and indeed the whole system of African peasant farming and cattle-keeping, are Uganda's life-blood. So the Government's chief economic job must be to help the farmers to improve their efficiency. You can do this only by teaching modern techniques so as to apply the results of research, and it is done through the Government's field services, farm institutes, and agricultural courses in schools. We attached so much importance to this in Uganda that a special five-year programme was drawn up and is in progress to improve agricultural productivity.

Another great problem is to help Africans to take a larger part in trade and industry, in the past mainly the preserve of Asians and Europeans. So you build again—by co-operative societies, which have increased in the past ten years in Uganda from nothing to 1,300; by helping these and other African groups to acquire cotton ginneries and coffee curing works; and by a special programme of instruction and financial help for African traders—there are now some 15,000 of them, doing 35 per cent. of the country's retail trade.

So things which a government has to provide in the economic field soon become matters of people. Just as you do not get far with your educational programme without developing the economy, so you will have great difficulty in doing that without the full co-operation of educated Africans. I have already given the clue why you cannot deal effectively with either without taking care of political development at the same time. In a country like Uganda you cannot hope or expect to do the things I have been discussing in education or the economic field without creating, by so doing, a demand by Africans for a larger and larger part in all that is going forward. It is a demand which makes sense, because these things can be done well only with the active co-operation of elected, responsible African institutions.

So you get politics, and the building up of political institutions. You can ignore this, I believe, only at the price of efficiency—not to raise any more dramatic issues. In Uganda the basic political problem is not so much racial as tribal. African opinion accepts that the country needs the help of Europeans for a long time to come and they welcome all that we can do for them in development and training. Africans are anxious about the position of Asians, but they will, I believe, increasingly accept that Asians have an important part to play, particularly on the economic side, as they themselves gain in self-confidence with growing experience of business and public life.

The real political issue in Uganda is the relationship between the central government and legislature and the different tribes and their institutions. You will be familiar with this kind of problem from recent reports on Ghana. Uganda, like Ghana, was created as a country only after British administration started at the turn of the century. The largest part of the country is the Kingdom of Buganda, comprising a whole province of 1,500,000 people. There are twelve other districts with populations varying from 100,000 to 500,000; mostly these consist of one tribe apiece.

It is natural, from Uganda's history, that tribal loyalty should be very strong. Part of that strength derives from the differing size and stage of development of the different parts of the country. The Baganda, being the most educated and prosperous, fear that their development may be held back because other parts of the country are less advanced, though the experience of the last five years does not bear this out. Other tribes fear that they might be dominated in the future by the Baganda, although educational and economic development and political advance have been going forward recently on a far more country-wide basis than in earlier years. Our task has been to ensure that neither of these fears is justified, and to give due weight both to tribal loyalties and to the development of tribal councils—and at the same time to the build-

ing up of representative central institutions for the country as a whole.

You will see how vital it is that the central government and legislature should be able in time to draw to itself a central loyalty to complement tribal or local loyalties. How else should we achieve this central loyalty but by giving, as we have been doing, a large share in the centre to Africans? Half the Legislative Council now consists of Africans, including elected representatives from all over the country—indirectly elected at present though direct election is being discussed. The number of Africans in senior posts in the Civil Service is steadily increasing, which is most necessary. There are three African Ministers on the Governor's Executive Council.

The strength of tribal loyalties as a separatist tendency in the future should not be ignored. But there are also factors which will make for unity. Political parties are one such factor, for they are likely to develop on a country-wide basis. Makerere graduates and those who have been on scholarships overseas can be expected to take a broad rather than a sectional view, and will steadily grow in numbers and influence. The centre is likely increasingly to be the focus of the political parties, and also of the many educated and thinking people who belong to no party but who see in a strong and representative central legislature the best hope of leading the country forward.

Both these sorts of people are nationalists. The word has come to have rather a derogatory meaning, which is strange because the whole of our policy in Africa makes it inevitable that there should be nationalist movements. In any case, whatever view one takes of it, nationalism is probably the strongest force in Africa today, as it has been in Europe and in Asia. But nationalism, of its nature, is often impatient and often speaks with exaggeration, and this gets the publicity in the press. I

hold no brief for wild statements and extremist attitudes, but the fact that these occur should not mislead us into thinking that nationalism is an immoderate thing in itself. In Uganda there are extremist views, such as the slogan 'Self-Government Now', used by one of the political parties. But there are large numbers of people more moderate though less vocal; none the less nationalists and no less keen for self-government because they recognise the practical problems to be overcome before it is achieved.

Nationalism in the sense I mean is something without which you do not achieve nationhood. We in Britain, who achieved it long ago, may sometimes forget that it is the cement you need to build a country. We clearly cannot accept extremist views, but if we do not succeed in working with the nationalists—and this could be their fault as well as ours—then we shall lose the advantage of something which can not only be a constructive force in the social and economic spheres, but also an important unifying force politically.

In discussing Uganda I do not want to give the impression of an easy optimism. In our developing relations with the people of an African territory there are bound to be frictions and misunderstandings. These can be overcome provided that we achieve on both sides genuine friendship between individuals, a friendship on equal terms which can afford both frankness and tolerance. This is not a pious generalisation; the administration of a country is conducted by individuals, and public opinion is a matter, in the end, of individuals too. I am not merely referring to greater social contacts either, but to the kind of friendship which comes from understanding rather than simply affability. For our part we have to recognise that Africans—both nationalists and others—have their own deeply valued traditions, attitudes, and aspirations. We may be sure of their response, because the Africans of Uganda have a great regard for western, and indeed British, ideas and ideals, and—I can say this with certainty—they are anxious for the help of British people in achieving their own progress.

—Home Service



Picking coffee berries on an estate in Uganda, 'the largest coffee producer in the Commonwealth'



South of Sahara—V

# The Needs of Nationalism

The last of five talks by WILLIAM CLARK

**T**HE lights are being lit all over Africa; we shall not see them put out in our time. In Ghana the light of nationalism is burning brightly, as it inspires the first African colony ever to become a state governed by native Africans themselves.

But Ghana is only the beginning of a long process. In some of the other territories we have to watch carefully that the lights do not turn into fires; but you cannot travel round British Africa, as I have done in the past two months, without realising that before very long British Africa, and perhaps all Africa, will be governed by Africans. Whether that will mean rule by black Africans only, or whether it will be shared with white Africans, depends on the relations of the races locally; but I am sure that the day in which decisions about Africa are made in Whitehall or Paris is passing away. It is to this country's credit, and benefit, that it has taken the lead in bringing its colonies forward to the point at which they can govern themselves; Ghana is the fulfilment of our mission, not our failure nor our withdrawal. I think our lead will be followed—in time, and in their own way—by other colonial Powers.

## 'A Continent Controlling Its Own Destiny'

That Africa is ceasing to be an appendage of Europe and is becoming a continent controlling its own destiny seems to me certain, but it is still difficult to know what sort of a continent it will be. The pace of the change has been so colossal that it is hard to focus one's eyes on the new, rapidly emerging Africa. Twenty years ago Africa south of the Sahara was far more isolated even than the great desert barrier would warrant. It was the war which first took masses of these Africans abroad, and made them aware of other nations such as Burma struggling to be independent; in the post-war world, it was the radio and growing literacy which kept them in touch with the outside world, and particularly with events in the United Nations where the Trusteeship Committee was constantly debating the rights of dependent peoples; at the same time the post-war boom in things like cocoa, coffee, copper, groundnuts and other African crops brought a comparative prosperity to large parts of the continent, and an increase of social services, particularly of education. All of this contributed to waking Africa from its long sleep, and to rousing a nationalism which was hardly apparent fifteen years ago. Today the continent is being transformed by this nationalism, just as the Middle East has been by Arab nationalism. For us in Britain one great question is whether we can avoid in Africa that conflict with nationalism which has wrecked our relations with the Arab states. Can we in fact make a success of our relations with the new Africa?

To help answer that question for myself I have been trying to find out just what are the aims and the nature of African nationalism in those territories that I visited—and I refer from now on to black African nationalism and nationalists alone. One thing stands out as common to them all; that is their determination that Africans should govern themselves, or, in the Federation, have at least a controlling share in the destiny of the country which they feel belongs to them as native-born Africans. The end of white domination, of rule either solely by a minority of white citizens, or by officials far away in London, is the aim not only of the leaders but of almost all politically conscious Africans. That is by far the most important fact about British Africa today.

## Demand Created by Ghana's Success

Ghana's success in attaining self-government has already greatly heightened the demand, and quickened the pace, of political development elsewhere, but we must look deeper and further back if we want to discover the origins in British territories of this insistence on self-government. I spent a good deal of time on my tour in discussing these questions with politicians and journalists, civil servants, and so-called agitators, Africans and Europeans. I heard about the rights of man and the need for experience, the demand for speed and the necessity of caution, till my head was spinning with the arguments.

Then one day, to get away from it all, I went out from Kampala, in Uganda, to the top of one of the hills that surround Lake Victoria, to spend an afternoon with friends at a mission school there. It was somehow a wonderfully nostalgic scene, with all the paraphernalia of the English boarding school. There were the houses named after famous old boys, the school notice board with all its array of vital news about rewards and punishments, and reminders of traditions ('only school prefects may work in their studies after prep: all other boys must go to dormitory'). The school hall was filled with the noise of a rehearsal for the end-of-term Gilbert and Sullivan, and on the stage were twenty sweating black faces practising the chorus from 'Iolanthe': 'Bow, bow, you lower middle classes'. As we went out to watch the cricket (semi-finals of the house match) I felt thoroughly at home and far away from worrying political problems.

But suddenly it dawned on me that I was not at home; I was 4,000 miles away; these were African boys from the bush, not British boys from the suburbs. What was so natural to me was revolutionary to them. All this school tradition, the whole idea of competitive games, of house loyalty, of teaching responsibility by putting adolescents in authority over their juniors, all of this is part of a comparatively recent British tradition, the tradition of Dr. Arnold and Rugby School. This was the system we designed to produce empire builders, and here it was being used on these African products of our empire building. What is the result? Is it perhaps to produce Empire breakers?

## '... Who Speak the Tongue that Shakespeare Spoke'

Not quite that, I think; but as I walked back through that school library I noticed on the table a dog-eared poetry book open at that sonnet of Wordsworth: 'We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke'. Isn't that just the point? These schools which have provided the leaders of the new Africa do teach their boys to speak the language Shakespeare spoke, to read his passionate patriotism, and that of Kipling or Brooke. They have taught them our history, of the long struggle for parliamentary government, of the heroism of John Hampden, the first prison graduate to attain some political power. We cannot really be surprised that now the seeds we sowed in the schools are bearing fruit in a demand for self-government, for the right to widen the franchise or resist taxation without representation.

The origin of much African nationalism today is British schools; and it proves we have faithfully educated them in our own standards. It produces problems: the demand for self-government always comes before the capacity for it, and that has made, and will make, for awkward decisions about timing. Given too early, self-government may prove only the prelude to anarchy. But the dangers of delaying too long in granting it are even greater, for then the pressure will build up against us and the parting, when it comes, will be violent and hostile.

As it is, Britain today is trusted and respected in Ghana, which has achieved independence, and in most of those colonies which feel they are on the edge of self-government. This good-will can be of immense importance to us, not only in direct relations with our ex-colonies, the new members of the Commonwealth, but also in the world forum of the United Nations. Russia, which has had some pretensions of being the friend of nations struggling towards self-government, permanently damaged her reputation by her action in Hungary, which Africans generally saw in its true light as crude old-fashioned imperialism. It was deeply impressive to me to see in a remote town in Ghana a list of those Africans—several hundred—who had contributed their mite to Hungarian Relief funds.

African nationalism is certainly not Communist. It is not basically anti-British, but it is opposed to British political domination, and it is clear-sighted enough to see that until Africans have political power in their own land they will not be wholly free. That is why the argument about economic advantage always fails to convince. It is often true

(continued on page 643)



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Thoughts at Easter

THE world would be a happier place, the Archbishop of Canterbury was reported as saying the other day, if people did not know so much. He did not blame the scientists—they were their duty to explore science—but they shared the secrets they uncovered, and the knowledge was too much for other people. 'The world is full of people suffering from acute indigestion', Dr. Fisher declared, 'unable to digest the knowledge given to them'. The difficulty of digesting and using to good purpose the vast amount of knowledge put at our disposal, particularly by the scientists, is a problem that this generation has become exceedingly familiar with, and one can readily sympathise with the view that too much knowledge, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. There is no question here of advocating ignorance. On the contrary it is not always easy for us in this age of scientific and technological wonders to realise how ignorant we really are—ignorant, that is to say, in the things that belong to our peace, in the things that really matter. 'As for me', said Socrates, 'all I know is that I know nothing'. He would be an arrogant, or at least a rash man, who would take it upon himself to say more than that today. But if it is by faith rather than knowledge that we have to live our lives, the trouble we take in trying to discover a foundation for our faith becomes the measure of our interest in the serious purposes of life.

Christians, now looking forward to the great festival of Easter, know where they stand in this matter of faith, though as they themselves would be the first to admit, it is one thing to have a faith, another to live up to it or even to be sure in the practical affairs of everyday life precisely how that faith requires you to act. Those who have been following Professor Gregor Smith's talks for Lent will have been given an idea of what Christianity means to him and how in his view an answer may be found to the question every thinking man must put to himself at some period of his life: 'What am I living for? What is the meaning of it all?' Those who have found a satisfactory answer to these questions without the aid of some kind of religion may perhaps be counted fortunate, though it is difficult to believe that moments never come when doubts arise, or that any answer which has no application beyond the confines of one's own experience can be wholly satisfactory. No man lives unto himself alone. The truth rather is that few men can go on for very long without a religion of some sort—even if that religion amounts to no more or less than man believing in himself. In any case what is fairly plain about the world today is that faith can easily lead to disillusionment and yet without faith man becomes, if not a traitor to his own nature, at all events a victim to despair, caught up in what Professor Gregor Smith calls 'a world-sorrow, concentrated in individual dread, a dizziness of the soul, a recurring shock of meaninglessness'.

The picture seems indeed a gloomy one. Fortunately there is another side. When one talks of despair it is well to remember that despair has often gained battles. In other words the spirit of man is not easily defeated; and if there is one season of the year more than another when, as the poet says, all nature ministers to hope, that season is now upon us, bringing a sense of cheerfulness, encouragement, and regeneration. It is surely the season when we may lift up our hearts, not in a spirit of easy optimism but in thankfulness for the blessings of this life and in high resolve that the gifts we are endowed with and the knowledge we possess, superabundant though it may be, shall be purposefully used—to make the world a happier place than it is at present.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Queen's visit to France

IN A WEEK when Moscow radio was engaged in frequent warnings against alleged western preparations for a nuclear war, it was refreshing to turn to Paris and other western radios speaking of the significance of the Queen's visit to France. One French newspaper after another, quoted by Paris radio, stressed the warmth and sincerity of the welcome given to Her Majesty, and the closeness of the Franco-British friendship underlying it. *Paris Normandie*, comparing France and Britain, was quoted as commenting:

We have known the same glories, made the same mistakes, suffered the same setbacks. We feel ourselves reduced to similar dimensions in the face of young giants eager to deploy their strength. We two old parliamentary democracies cling to an almost identical concept of the life of societies and of nations. It is symbolic that this Sovereign, who inherits so many glorious traditions, should reflect by her youth a hope of renewal, that of France and England smiling because they are not too discouraged by the storm that is turning the world upside down.

From Italy, the Paris correspondent of *La Stampa* was quoted as stressing the French people's conviction that the Anglo-French alliance 'is the most important factor in the defence of liberty'. It went on:

Differences will probably continue to exist, but the French people are sure that in decisive moments France and Britain will always stand together and with them will be found all the other free people of Europe.

From West Berlin, *Tagesspiegel* was quoted as saying:

In four festive days France's Republicans are ready to lay their hearts at the feet of the Queen . . . In the hearts of the French people, who cheer and hail the English Queen, lives the thought of the *Entente Cordiale*—that understanding from which one hopes for magic strength in the future.

A Moscow broadcast to France used the Queen's visit, in a talk warning of the dangers of nuclear war preparations, as a peg on which to discuss recent contacts between British and French statesmen. It concluded:

French-British friendship could have most beneficial effects if it were inspired by the honest desire for the peace and unity of all Europe, and not only of 'Little Europe'.

While Soviet broadcasts remained silent about the four latest nuclear tests carried out in the Soviet Union within ten days, they attacked Britain's decision to go ahead with her tests, and continued to call for a ban on all such tests. At the same time, Moscow broadcasts gave publicity to Soviet warnings to Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Greece, and other countries against allowing Nato bases on their territories, as, in the event of attack, Russia would strike at the 'aggressor's' bases, wherever they were.

A Moscow home broadcast alleged that the United States was preparing to use West German territory as a springboard for atomic war, thus hoping 'to divert any retaliatory atomic blow from themselves on to the Federal Republic'. The danger of such alleged designs also for other west European countries was stressed in many of Moscow's foreign-language broadcasts.

On April 13 Dr. Adenauer was quoted from West Germany as welcoming the new United States proposals for ending the production of nuclear weapons. The United States plan, he said, proved that the free world wanted peace: the Soviet Union only needed to agree and there would be world peace. But, continued Dr. Adenauer, it was unrealistic to wish to forgo the most modern weapons on principle in the present world situation, where the Soviet Union, 'a frantically expansive power', believed it had been chosen to rule the world under communism. Russia's arming for eventual aggression was evidenced by the arms depot found in Sinai, which was to have served the Soviet troops in their thrust to the Mediterranean. If the Soviet Union really wanted peace, she had only to accept the new United States plan.

On April 13 the East German radio broadcast a Moscow report of atomic manoeuvres by Soviet forces, held in an area contaminated by radioactivity, designed to test defence measures in an atomic war. On the same day it was announced that thousands of armed factory workers in East Berlin had taken part in military exercises to train them in dealing with any possible uprising against the Communist regime. An East German transmission said the manoeuvres showed that the fighting groups were able to protect the state against all provocations.



# Did You Hear That?

## DENMARK PREPARES FOR THE QUEEN'S VISIT

IN A TALK in 'The Eye-witness' GODFREY TALBOT spoke about the preparations being made for the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Denmark on May 21.

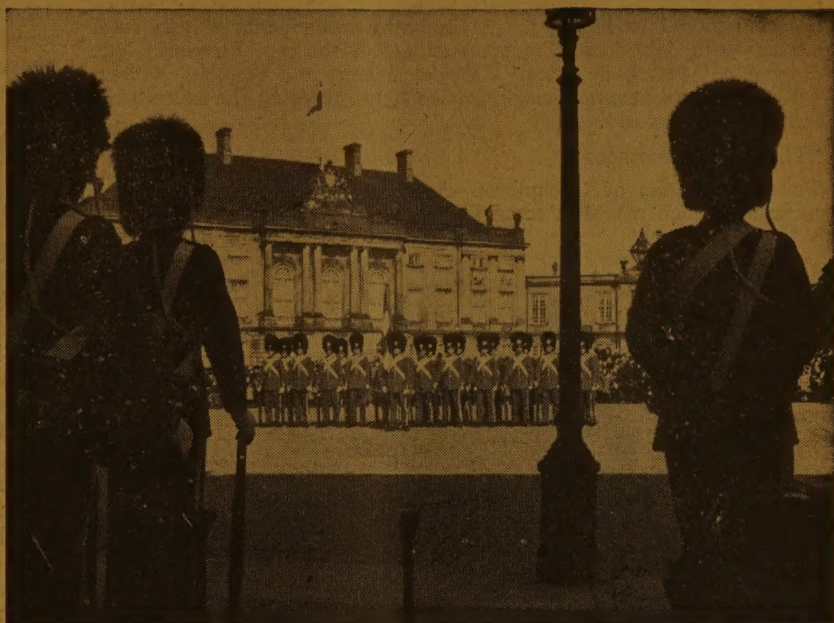
'Denmark', he said, 'like Britain has had a mild winter which has helped the fuel situation, and there is no petrol rationing now; but it is not quite spring yet. The trees are bare, black skeletons still and the men have not finally put away their fur-collared overcoats; but by day the sun has been blazing through and bringing out anew the lovely bright greenness of the tall copper spires and roofs of Copenhagen's skyline. It has been striking gleams of gold and blue from the lake in the Tivoli Gardens and the waters of the harbour beside the Langelinie Parade, where the bronze figure of Hans Andersen's famous "Little Mermaid" sits pensive on a rock.

'Copenhagen presents its usual busy bicycling face and there is much abnormal busyness also behind the scenes. For instance, inside the quiet and elegant façade of those four eighteenth-century mansions which form a square and make the Royal Amalienborg Palace, for this is where the Queen and the Duke will stay, as guests of Queen Ingrid and King Frederick, when they come next month. There are preparations, too, in the gleaming state rooms of the huge Christianborg Palace. Here also are the royal stables where I have been watching the Danish horses being trained in readiness for May 21, when the Queen and the King and their Consorts will drive through this city in State carriages escorted by mounted Hussars.

'I have just been up also to the north of the province of Zealand, to Elsinore on the coast with its famous Kronborg Castle, on the headland overlooking the Sound between Denmark and Sweden. There I have walked on Hamlet's ramparts and seen—not the ghost but the guns which will fire a salute to the royal yacht *Britannia* when she passes through the entrance on her way to Copenhagen. The cannon are about 200 years old, but I am told that they will do the job with proper noise and smoke almost as in their days of battle long ago.

'Denmark is going to have a real battle, though not with cannon, one week exactly before the Queen comes—a general election. The minority Government of Mr. Hansen and his Labour Party, the Social Democrats, are in their fourth year and they are going to the country. If there should be no clear Government by the time the Queen comes, Mr. Hansen, who is Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, will continue at any rate through the days of ceremonial.

'Denmark is fighting off an economic crisis, and it is toward Britain that this free-trading, farming country looks. The farmers look with worry as they survey the competitive European trade scene and they see trouble in the subsidies and the tariffs on the other side of the North Sea. But farmers and politicians together declare one thing: that the Danes' deep-rooted friendship for Britain remains hopefully strong; and that when the Queen and the spring come here next month, Her Majesty and the Duke—whose ancestry makes him a Danish prince—will receive a very enthusiastic welcome, whatever the state of bacon and egg prices may be, in this warm-hearted land of agriculture where the storks' nests on the roof-tops have not yet vanished before the growing number of television aerials'.



The Royal Danish Guard outside the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen

## A DELIGHTFUL EVENING IN 1814

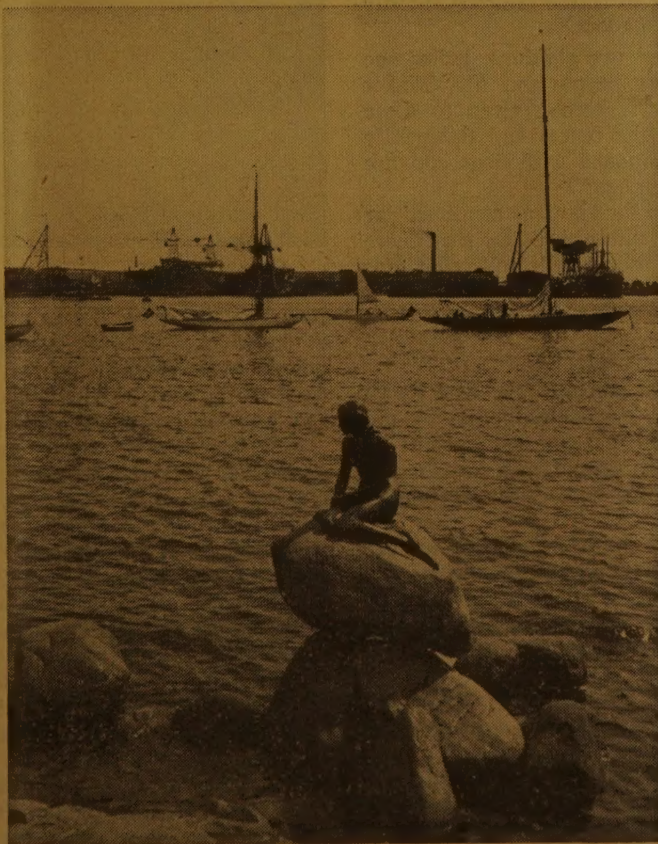
'Entertainments in Manchester 150 years ago may have left much to be desired by our modern standards', said JEANETTE HOWARTH in a talk in 'The Northcountryman', 'but there was at least one place I should like to have visited, and that was Tinker's Gardens, in Collyhurst.

'In 1797 Robert Tinker was the proprietor of "The Grape and Compass Coffee House and Tea Gardens"—Tinker's Gardens. To us, Collyhurst is part of Manchester, but then it was a pleasant village,

well outside the town. Rochdale Road as we know it was only just being built, and was renamed St. George's Road (previously it had been Back Lane). Tinker's Gardens lay just off the west side of St. George's Road, and the approach to them was near the end of what is now Osborne Street.

'In this pleasant rural setting visitors to the Gardens could wander round admiring the flowers and topiary and looking at the cages of birds and small animals. Or they could listen to a brass band and singers and entertainers. For the younger and more energetic there were swings and bowling greens. Or everyone could just sit at the tables under the trees, drinking tea, still a luxury, or tankards of ale. In the evening there would probably be dancing and fireworks, particularly if it were a Saturday or a special occasion. It all sounds like the usual thing today, but in those days it was a novelty.

'Mr. Tinker was an enterprising man and his Gardens became more and more popular. He changed their name to "Vauxhall Gardens" which sounded grander, and crowds flocked there at weekends. In 1812 there was a big celebration of Wellington's victory and the grounds were illuminated by 3,000 variegated lamps. There was an entertainment to "render the evening at



The 'Little Mermaid' statue in Copenhagen harbour



once intellectual, rural and delightful"—or so said the advertisements. On another occasion it was announced that:

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 14, 1814, should the weather prove favourable, if not so on the first fine evening following, R. Tinker will have the Honour of LIGHTING UP HIS GARDENS, in that Style of Brilliancy which has hitherto given such general satisfaction, and which has contributed so highly to the innocent amusements of this rural retreat. With Additional Transparencies, Devices, etc., Fireworks, etc. A band of Music will Attend. Likewise a large and beautiful Balloon will be liberated at nine o'clock, immediately preceding the commencement of the fireworks.

'There was a footnote:

To the Admirers of Cucumbers—At these Gardens may be seen a cucumber which measures seven feet eight inches long. One from the



Two dovecots in Fife: above, an early sixteenth-century circular cot; right, a seventeenth-century ridged one, of which only a few examples remain

M. E. Taylor

same plant was sent for the Prince Regent's inspection. It is allowed by all gardeners, and others who have seen it, to be the greatest curiosity of the kind Nature ever produced in this Kingdom.

'The charge for all this was "gentlemen two shillings, ladies one shilling". But this was too much for some people and Mr. Tinker had to take certain precautions: "Notice is hereby given to those persons who make a practice of breaking the fences and unlawfully entering the Gardens, that Men will be stationed with dogs and fire arms to detect and bring to justice such offenders".

'Robert Tinker died in 1836 and although the Gardens continued for another fifteen years or so their popularity diminished. By then there was altogether too much competition from music halls and other inns offering similar attractions'.

#### A MEMORY OF SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING

Speaking about a visit to Spain in a Home Service talk EVE ROAD said: 'Crossing into Spain the first time, I was struck first by the donkey cart and the donkey, laden and with a straw hat on and its ears sticking up. And then there was a profusion of men in different uniforms. All the Latin races love dressing up and, confusing though it is, one must admit they look handsome.

'On this first occasion one young man in uniform came to our car and while we were getting ready with passports and all the other papers he started to talk to us. Our carefully rehearsed few sentences in Spanish were at this moment woefully inadequate, but he kept holding a piece of paper under our noses and there was something which he kept repeating and which sounded very much like Sir Fleming. And then it suddenly began to make sense. His friend, he said, Sir Alexander Fleming, had passed over this frontier many times. He, too, was British and here was the letter Sir Alexander had written to him. It was, indeed, a note from the great man himself, thanking our little soldier for his greetings and sending him good wishes for Christmas. What an unexpected incident. We explained that Sir Alexander had died, and the man became very sad when he understood us. Sir Alexander

Fleming was something of a hero in Spain and we found subsequently that even in the tiniest chemist shops in little villages penicillin was available'.

#### DOVECOTS AS ANCIENT MONUMENTS

Among buildings being listed as ancient monuments in Scotland are, surprisingly enough, some of the smallest buildings to be found anywhere—dovecots. The dovecots of Scotland date back three or four hundred years and the County Planning Officer of Fife, MAURICE EWEN TAYLOR, has been making a special survey of the ancient dovecots in that country. He spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The Kingdom of Fife', he said, 'has long been famous for not only the number but the variety of its dovecots. In the days of their erection farmers had not learned how to keep sheep and cattle alive through the winter. Except for a few breeding or working animals, all fatstock were killed off in late October, the meat being salted down. For fresh meat, a laird and his household kept pigeons. They did not need feeding like other farm stock—they foraged for themselves; and a laird kept not just a pair of birds, but hundreds, sometimes thousands, that wheeled across Fife in great undulating swift-winged flocks.

'Around 300 years ago there were some 26,000 dovecots in England and Wales. How many there were in Scotland I have never been able to ascertain; but at the end of the eighteenth century there were 360 in the Kingdom of Fife alone. Today only seventy-three are recorded in the inventory of ancient and historic monuments of Fife.

'The majority of the earlier dovecots built in the sixteenth century were circular, with walls sloping inwards to a domed roof. Whilst a circular cot was not so easily built as a square one, there was good reason for building it in this shape; pigeons were kept for the larder



shelf and they had to be easily caught. A simple but ingenious device made catching easy. A long pole, or potence, was erected in the centre, so that it could revolve. Attached to this were arms to which one or two ladders were fastened, so that the catcher could reach any nest and catch all the birds needed without climbing up and down several times. This was only possible if the building was circular.

'The seventeenth century saw a change in design, from circular to rectangular with lean-to roofs, crow-stepped gables, sunning rails and, in some cases, decorations and carvings. The eighteenth century provided beautifully designed cots in the true Renaissance style. How many pigeons did a cot hold? This varied according to size. One of the largest in England had 2,000 nests; 1,000 was common. The Fife cots, however, housed between 500 and 1,000 birds. In Fife alone in the eighteenth century there must have been something like half a million pigeons. Gradually, the number of birds declined. Changes in agriculture meant that cattle could be kept through the long, cold Fife winters. With pigeons no longer a staple food, not only the flocks fell off, but the dovecots fell into decay, until today what remains are but silent, often tumbledown, reminders of the days when a farmer automatically killed all his cattle each autumn. Two hundred or so years ago, acts of parliament were passed to prevent the erection of more dovecots—now we have an act to help to preserve these beautiful small buildings of the past'.



# The Necessary and the Possible

The first of three talks on 'The Logic Game' by A. N. PRIOR

**I** SUPPOSE we have all, at one time or another, met some clever people. I would like you to think of the cleverest person you have known; and I will prove to you, without knowing who the person is, that there is something he cannot do. The proof is absurdly simple. Either this very clever person can tie a knot that he cannot untie, or he cannot. If he cannot tie a knot that he cannot untie, then there is something, right away, which he cannot do. If he *can* tie a knot that he cannot untie, then he cannot untie every knot that he can tie, so that is something he cannot do in that case. Either way, there is something he cannot do.

## Modal Logic

As Tweedledum would say, 'That's logic'; to be precise and technical, that is modal logic, the particular branch of formal logic which handles the notions of necessity and possibility. The example I have given may sound like some sort of parlour trick, and even when it is being systematically developed formal logic is rather like a parlour game—indeed, to some of us it simply is the best and most entertaining of all parlour games. It is no accident that the best logician the University of Oxford has turned out, at all events since the Middle Ages, is Lewis Carroll. But that does not make the subject any the less serious or important. With due respect to all the important people who ply the trade of atomic physics, I would venture to suggest that that at its best is a parlour game too. There is an absurd legend going round that science begins and ends with men's practical needs, and it is true that science has its uses, good and bad; this goes even for formal logic, which the engineers are now putting to work in the design of computing machines. But at least a good part of what keeps any science going is an eye for the odd, the amusing, the unexpected, the anomalous; the good scientist watches for such things and is not happy until he has woven a pattern of theory which somehow has room for them all.

So Freud, for example, sought after a psychology that would cover the queer behaviour of hysterics, and the slips of the tongue that we all make; and your quantum physicist struggles to bring together all the fantastic features of sub-atomic behaviour, some of which make even the Freudian dream-world seem sober and rational by comparison. It is the same with the puzzles and paradoxes that have been the stock-in-trade of the formal logician since he first set up his shop in ancient Greece; these too must be fitted into a formal pattern.

## Likenesses with Geometry

Formal logic, like geometry, lends itself readily to being set out as a deductive system, with axioms from which we deduce theorems, and then further theorems from the ones we have previously proved. I shall have more to say about these axioms and theorems later on, but it is worth bearing in mind right from the start that the subject is handled in that way, and was in fact handled in that way even by Aristotle, at the very time when Euclid was doing the same thing with geometry. Formal logic also resembles geometry in having profited immensely in modern times from the introduction of algebraic techniques. As the science now is, thanks to these techniques, it is impossible for me to cover more than a corner of it; and I am going to concentrate on the corner I know best—the part that I started with; modal logic, the logic of necessity and possibility. For a while we shall have no more tricks; for part of the scientific game is that the pattern must cover the commonplace things as well as the oddities—that is of the essence of the scientific enterprise as a whole, and of the formal logicians part of it in particular.

Modal logic has plenty of commonplaces; in fact, modal logic is one of the things we prattle in our nurseries. Suppose you say to a child: 'I bet you can't walk along that wall', what will he do to prove you wrong? Get up and walk along it, undoubtedly; and if you said that did not prove he *could* walk along it, he would be very puzzled indeed. That what is so *can be* so is an elementary truth of

modal logic that we learn when we are learning to talk. The medieval logicians put it into a tag or maxim: *Ab esse ad posse valet consequentia*, 'It is sound to argue from a thing's being to its being possible'.

But it will not do the other way round. From the fact that something can or could be the case, it does not follow that it is the case. To put the point a little metaphysically, the possible is a wider notion than the actual—whatever is actual is possible, but there are also possibilities which are not actualised. That, at least, is the man in the street's view of the matter, though there have been philosophers who have argued that the man in the street is mistaken about this; that if only we could see all the inner connections of things we would see that what is not the case really could not have been the case, and that nothing is really possible but the way things actually are. My own opinion is that at this point the man in the street is right and the philosophers in question are wrong; but I do not intend to argue that out here, but only to observe that while this philosophical opinion is not in conflict with any known principles of modal logic, it does make the whole subject rather pointless. If the possible and the actual are one, it is still true that *esse* implies *posse*, 'is' implies 'can be'; but this now becomes just a way of saying that 'is' implies 'is'.

## Chinese Upside Down?

So far I have spoken only of possibility and not of the other basic modal notion, that of necessity; but it is easy to see that these two go together. For if anything is necessary, its opposite is not possible; and conversely, if the opposite of anything is not possible, then the thing itself is necessary. I am told that the Chinese written language has no separate character for our word 'must'; they use instead a sequence of three characters which read off literally as 'Not can not'. That is, what must be is what cannot not be; or, as we more ordinarily say, what cannot not be. We can work this the other way too; what can be is what need not not be—if anything is possible, its opposite is not necessary, and if the opposite of a thing is not necessary, the thing itself is left possible. For all I know, there may be a language like Chinese upside down, a language in which there is a word for 'must', but none for 'can'. 'Can' will then be 'not must not'.

Here is something a little more involved, but surely still obvious. If something is impossible, then its combination with anything else is impossible too. For example, if I cannot walk at all, then I cannot walk and talk at once. This is just a special case of the more general principle that what necessarily implies an impossibility is itself impossible. Walking and talking at once necessarily implies walking, so if walking is an impossibility, walking and talking at once is an impossibility too.

But just at this point, where everything seems plain sailing, we encounter what is widely regarded as a paradox. To say that one thing necessarily implies a second thing seems tantamount to saying that the first thing cannot be true without the second thing being true too; in other words, you cannot combine the truth of the first thing with the falsehood of the second. For example, to say that walking and talking at once necessarily implies walking, seems tantamount to saying that you cannot combine walking-and-talking-at-once with not walking at all. Now I shall prove to you, not that walking and talking at once, but that walking and not walking at once, necessarily implies have a bald head. The main point here is that walking and not walking at once is something that just cannot be done. We have just seen that what cannot be done at all cannot be done in combination with anything else. Hence walking and not walking at once cannot be done in combination with not being bald—if you like to put it that way, a non-bald man can no more walk and not walk at once than a bald man can. But if X cannot be combined with not-Y, X necessarily implies Y. So, since walking and not walking at once cannot be combined with not having a bald head, walking and not walking at once necessarily implies having a bald head. Quite generally, for what is im-



possible anything at all would follow, *ex impossibile sequitur quodlibet*.

This principle was much debated in the later Middle Ages, and it has been hotly debated again since it was rediscovered in our own century by the American logician C. I. Lewis. You can avoid it by refusing to equate 'X necessarily implies Y' with 'X and not-Y cannot be true together', but it has proved difficult to get out plausible laws for necessary implication which do not have this equivalence as a consequence. For my own part, I cannot see what the fuss is about—this Guy-Fawkes fire-cracker, it seems to me, is a fizzer. For why *shouldn't* the impossible necessarily imply anything whatever? Even in ordinary speech, that Sacred Cow of the modern philosophical Englishman, we often say of something we regard as impossible, 'If you believe that you'd believe anything'.

Rightly or wrongly, the majority of serious modal logicians have now ceased to be worried by that particular principle or paradox, and have passed on to other problems; for example, the problem of the modal properties of modal statements—that is, the modal properties of statements which are themselves about necessity and possibility. It seems clear that we can no more lay it down as a logical law that whatever is true is necessary than we can lay it down that whatever is possible is true. Some things which are true are necessarily true, others merely happen to be true; that is, they are true though they might have been false. But if we confine ourselves to statements which themselves assert that something is necessary or possible, must we say that these statements, if they express truths at all, express necessary truths? Are any of the truths of modal logic itself merely contingent, or are they all necessary? To put the point a little more formally, can we lay it down that whatever is necessary is necessarily necessary, and whatever is possible is necessarily possible? There is no consensus of opinion among modal logicians on these questions; there is not even any agreed view as to how we can set about answering them. I sometimes ask my students to vote upon them, just to see what happens.

Nevertheless even in this rather rarefied field a few definite results have been achieved. First, it is known that it does not follow from any

of the ordinary and obvious principles of modal logic that whatever is necessary or possible is necessarily necessary or possible: you can have a consistent system embodying all the ordinary and obvious modal principles, in which these queerish ones are not provable. Secondly, however, it has been established that neither of the assertions I have mentioned—that whatever is necessary is necessarily necessary, and whatever is possible is necessarily possible—conflicts with any of the ordinary and obvious modal principles; that is, you can have consistent systems which incorporate all the ordinary and obvious modal principles and these other ones as well. So we know that there is no way of either knocking them out or dragging them in by sheer deduction from what is generally accepted in this field.

Further, it is known that the two assertions I have mentioned are not on the same footing. One of them, the one that says that whatever is possible is necessarily possible, involves both the notion of possibility and the notion of necessity, while the other involves the notion of necessity alone. It is known that if you add to an ordinary system the assertion with unlike modalities in it, that is the one which says that whatever is possible is necessarily possible, you can then prove the other one, that what is necessary is necessarily necessary. On the other hand, if you add only the principle that what is necessary is necessarily necessary, you cannot prove the one about possibility. So there are three sorts of modal system that might be adopted: a comparatively non-committal sort, with all the ordinary and obvious modal principles in it, but not the two that I have mentioned; then a somewhat bolder sort, in which we have the principle that what is necessary is necessarily necessary, but not the principle that what is possible is necessarily possible; and thirdly, a still bolder sort containing both these additional principles. All these systems are internally consistent.

These results have been established in different ways, and I am going to give in my next talk a new proof of some of them, which I am fond of because it is my own invention. It will illustrate modern logical techniques, and will take us into a slightly different field from modal logic, namely the logic of time-distinctions.—*Third Programme*

## Good Friday

After the winter solstice came  
Ice and low flame,  
The cockerel step by which the light  
Shortened the sleep of earth and night.

And slowly as the days of Lent  
Waxed and were spent,  
Trees, birds and flowers all increased  
In expectation of the feast.

Spring with such promise did abound  
That the gemmed ground  
Already showed in clustered grass  
The printless light of unseen stars.

But now light grows where rays decline.  
Now the crushed wine  
Transfigures all, leaf, blossom, fruit,  
By reference to the sacred root.

Day must die here that day may break.  
Time must forsake  
Time, and this moment be preferred  
To any copy, light or word.

In this a night we apprehend  
Which has no end.  
Day dies. We make our choice, and say:  
'This, this we seek; no second day.'

Not in the speculative skies  
Instruction lies,  
But in the nails of darkness driven  
Into these hands which hold up heaven.

For, as old ages antedate  
Love's present weight,  
So the pulse falling gives the chain  
Momentum to what years remain.

All lives, to flourish, here should stop  
Still; and all hope  
To live, must die here first, and pull  
New ages to this mountain skull.

Now let the geography of lands  
Learn from these hands,  
And from these feet the unresting seas  
Take, from unfathomed grief, their ease.

Our mortal life is composite  
Until we knit  
All possible days to this, and make  
A seal, from which true day must break.

Come, Easter, come: I was afraid  
Your star had strayed.  
It was behind our darkest fears  
Which could not see their God for tears.

VERNON WATKINS



# Style and Vision in Art

In the last of five talks ERIC NEWTON discusses Realism

**I**N this enquiry I have left Realism to the last. You may think that odd. You might have thought that the normal approach to painting would be for the artist to record, quite simply, what he sees, and that if we are to group artists together according to their styles, we ought to begin with the normal: to think of it as a point of departure, a firm base from which to push forward to the less normal realms of Classic idealism or romantic emotionalism.

Yet, as soon as we begin to examine families of styles, we discover that Realism is, in fact, so abnormal as to be comparatively rare. When it does occur one may be sure that everything has been prepared for it. I have stressed the fact that the period vision or the racial vision must be favourable before an individual or a temperamental style can flourish, and that those favourable moments seem to follow a series of pendulum swings. Classic and Romantic waves succeed each other in a long, alternating rhythm down the centuries. But Realism, as I propose to define it, follows no such rhythm. It happens rarely. The favourable moments need more preparation. Instead of being the artist's normal way of visualising it turns out to be both exceptional and abnormal, as though the painter were reluctant merely to copy nature: he must use nature as a stimulus to his vision.

We who live in the age of photography think we know what nature is really like. The camera's mechanical eye, to use my own phrase, sees but it does not look, records but does not comment. When one comes to think of it, why should a painter bother to practise his art at all unless he wishes to comment? I have already spoken about those two great families of commentators, the men who want to remould the world nearer to the heart's desire and the men who want to tell us how they have been excited by it. But what of the men who accept it as it is—who see it steadily and see it whole? Have they no comment to make? We may as well admit at once that Realism in the sense of camera vision does not exist in art, and that if it did it would be an absurd waste of an artist's time to attempt it. The nearest approach to it is to be found at Madame Tussaud's exhibition of waxworks: and though waxwork making may be a highly exacting craft, no one seriously considers it as an art.

Yet certain painters do strike us as having achieved something near to objective truth; and the greatest of them was certainly Velasquez. Certain other artists have themselves loudly proclaimed that they were trying to achieve visual truth, and the greatest of them was Leonardo, though even he, after arguing that the painter's duty was to produce a semblance of things seen, added that they must be selected with a view to beauty of proportion. Leonardo's creed, in fact, proclaims a marriage between the Realist and the Classicist. One artist, Gustave Courbet, in the mid-nineteenth century defiantly waved the banner of Realism. 'Paint what you see, not what you imagine', was Courbet's battle cry, though he forgot that only what is interesting is worth painting and that to be interested already tips the scales away from pure Realism.

But our old friend period vision intervenes here. Realism does at least involve a fairly complete grasp of visual truth. Volume, space, and light are all essential ingredients for a Realist. And not until the seventeenth century were those ingredients part of the normal equipment at the disposal of every trained artist. There is one notable

exception: Masaccio, who was painting at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Masaccio, by a miraculous empirical grasp of the thing seen, was enabled to produce paintings in which the density of objects and their effect on the eye was so truly rendered that he is two centuries ahead of his time. In the detail from his fresco of 'St Peter and St. John Distributing Alms', that mother carrying her baby in the crook of her right arm, leaning forward to take the proffered coin from the

hand of St. Peter, turning her head impulsively to look into his eyes and mumble a word of thanks before she swings back to look at her baby, is minutely observed. The weight of the child, the momentary gesture, even the fact that her left arm, in stretching forward, cuts casually across the head of a figure in the background—all this reveals a man as passionately interested in the everyday details of human behaviour as any modern film director. Masaccio's eagle eye broke through the fetters of his period. Perhaps that difference between the eagle eye and the excitable eye is not easy to detect. But, imagine Masaccio's girl holding her baby redesigned by Grünewald who would certainly have added his own personal over-emphasis to her impulsive gesture. And then, to complete the triangle, imagine her again, painted this time by Ingres, who would equally certainly not have allowed himself to describe her movement so vividly. He would have robbed her of her personality and made her a symbol of motherhood.

Realism is by no means an attempt on the part of the artist to compete with the photographer. Caravaggio, in the mid-sixteenth century, astonishes us with his anticipation of photography. But Realism—and this is the very essence of what I have to say about it—true Realism is not a question of the accurately recording

eye. It needs also an accepting mind. Caravaggio, for all his superficial Realism is a Romantic dressed in the deceptive garb of a Realist. Caravaggio persistently emphasised the dramatic. He is always, being impressive. He merely tricks us into thinking him a Realist.

After Masaccio—two and a half centuries after him—Velasquez is the first, and almost the only truly great artist who saw life steadily and whole, neither insisting on his own emotional attitudes to it nor attempting to steer it in the direction of beauty. In all his work there is an appearance of effortlessness, as though any chance assemblage of forms, objects, or personages would provide him with the material he needed for a painting. When one thinks of his great canvases—the royal princesses with their dwarfs and dogs, or the 'Lace Makers' or even the more formalised 'Surrender of Breda', there is an amazingly complete acceptance of the whole of what life had to offer and an imperturbable and apparently unscientific method of turning it into a painting. In the portraits of Philip IV in the National Gallery there is no feeling that an important sitter is challenging the insight of a serious artist. The king is seen as only a great painter could see him, without a trace of exaggeration and with no thought of flattery. Yet it is not photography. Velasquez has a comment to make. Not only 'I accept the world as I see it' but 'I am supremely interested in the world as I find it. I have no wish to improve it or to penetrate beneath the surface, for that surface is sufficiently exciting in its own right to occupy the whole of my considerable attention'. The only other artist



Woman and Child: a detail from 'St. Peter and St. John Distributing Alms', by Masaccio (1401-28)



who could, at his best, see life in those terms was Manet in the nineteenth century. But Manet, for all his mastery, was incapable of such close attention, nor was his grasp of the surface quite so firm.

Velasquez somehow achieves splendour. That is a mystery, for splendour, one would have thought, is beyond the range of Realism. In his eminence he is isolated: but not in his vision. The mid-seventeenth century was fully equipped for Realism: and Protestant Holland was content with its own material well-being. If we are looking not for a Realist of genius but for Realism itself as a self-sufficient ambition, we find it in the whole of the Dutch School, great masters, little masters, portrait painters, painters of domestic genre, still life, the sea with its ships, the earth with its cows. Never has there been a group of painters so united by a mild but penetrating satisfaction with the whole of their visible environment: and never has there been a group of men so utterly oblivious of the spiritual or the mystical. The essence of their ambition was to pay quiet homage to their environment, not merely to record it; and every artist who has attempted to pay quiet homage will know what a supremely difficult task it is and what immense subtlety of eye is required to take the place of what we like to call inspiration or poetry.

I must pass hurriedly, with a rather perfunctory apology, over the one man in the mid-nineteenth century who announced, at the top of his unusually powerful voice, that he was a Realist. Courbet was forced by his earthy, peasant temperament, to make the announcement because he was equally out of patience with the noble historical or mythological themes of Ingres and the Byronic gestures of Delacroix. His fight was not so much for Realistic vision as for Realistic subject-matter. When he painted the huge 'Funeral at Ornans', which now hangs in the Louvre, he was saying, in effect: 'Events just as moving and far more human take place in my village as on Mount Olympus or at the Court of Sardanapalus'. That seemed a revolutionary programme in the fifties of the last century. 'Paint what you see, not what you imagine' seemed to the critics of the time a dangerous game: the Realist dog, they thought, might snatch the bone which the Classic and the Romantic lions were fighting each other for.

But 'paint what you see' is no longer revolutionary, and if Courbet had not been such an honest painter he would have been nothing but the father of what we now call 'social realism'—that odd attempt to harness painting to democracy which communism is still under the impression that it invented. From any point of view 'social realism' is an almost meaningless term; for the Marxist it means little more than an approximately photographic account of everyday life with all the odds in favour of the proletariat. Since that kind of social propaganda has nothing to do with vision and little to do with style, we can afford to ignore it here. None the less, some of our young contemporaries practise it, partly because it satisfies their own social consciences and partly because it seems a good stick to belabour the abstract artists with. 'We', they seem to say, 'are concerned with the stark realities of life. We have no time to play about with colour for its own sake or form for its own sake'.

A much more deliberate attempt to come to terms with the visible facts of normal life was made in the last quarter of the nineteenth century by the Impressionists. Monet and Pissarro and Sisley in landscape, Degas in figure painting, made, by sheer will-power, one of the most surprising enlargements of vision in the history of painting. I have spoken more than once of the six-century cycle of 'terrestrial beauty'. The Impressionists made what turned out to be the final utterance of that cycle by discovering a new kind of terrestrial truth. Like all

Realists, they discovered it by using their eyes and refusing to use anything else. I have described them as the men who isolated the moment in time. Monet isolated Rouen Cathedral; his contemporary Degas, with the same eagle eye that we have already noted in Masaccio, isolated moments in the laundry, in the ballet, or on the racecourse. The Impressionists deliberately trained themselves to develop the unthinking 'snapshot' vision of what lay before them with as little thought for composition or formal organisation as could be expected of any sensitive artist.

Yet Impressionism discovered a new kind of snapshot, which included, in its account of the isolated moment, the colour of shadow, the vibration of light, the envelope of air. Again, as before, the effect of this new kind of Realism was to announce that the world we live in

is a desirable, acceptable place: not a place to brood in or dream in, or to get indignant about, but to enjoy. With the Impressionists, the long search for terrestrial beauty comes to an end. The pendulum began to swing back early in our own century. The art of today, like the art of the Middle Ages, but for different reasons, is no longer mainly concerned with recording, enjoying, or even improving the visible facts of life.

I must now add two more to our list of '-isms': first, Surrealism, which has little right to shelter under the umbrella of Realism. One might call Surrealism a desperate attempt at a marriage between Realism and Romanticism. In that it uses the hard, objective eye of the camera, its outer skin is Realistic like that of Caravaggio. But in that it insists on using the most emotionally evocative or surprising subject-matter it can find, it is Romantic. In that it draws that subject-matter from our recent awareness of the subconscious mind and our preoccupation with the symbolism of dreams, it is essentially modern.

All great artists have always been able to tap the wealth of mysterious stuff stored away in their subconscious minds. Perhaps they did not know that they were doing so—in fact the essence of those levels of character and motive that we call subconscious is that we are not conscious of them until they break through and present themselves symbolically to us in dreams. What, however, chiefly preoccupies the

Surrealists is not so much the attempt to introduce into painting the symbolism of the dream world as the determination to shock the eye and the mind with illogical or violent or erotic juxtapositions and at the same time to convince us of their physical reality by using every possible optical trick of perspective, sharp focus, and emphatic shadow. There is no limit to the games that can be played with subject matter. Boots that turn themselves mysteriously into naked feet; watches that acquire the flexibility of putty; an isolated human eye in the centre of a slice of ham on a plate; a woman, a tuba, and a chair appearing like a mirage in the sky; the fantastic and the macabre deliberately employed as shock tactics—all this has nothing to do with aesthetics. It is essentially a literary device. Yet, like other extremist movements, it has made its contribution to the main stream of tradition. Just as Mondrian has sensitised us to the possibilities of pure form, so Salvador Dali and his fellow Surrealists have sensitised us to a new range of subject-matter. We can now see clearly that what the Surrealists isolated and turned into a self-sufficient programme has recurred as an ingredient in varying degrees throughout the history of art. Romanticism has always used the fantastic or the illogical, sometimes as a faint overtone, as in the unearthly poetry of Giorgione, sometimes as a central theme, as in the strange visions of Hieronymus Bosch.

The second -ism I must mention here is completely out of place in a talk concerned with Realist vision. Mannerism, as a word, is a com-



Detail from 'The Funeral at Ornans', by Gustave Courbet (1819-77)



paratively recent invention. It came into being because art historians, noting the wonderful climax of the Italian High Renaissance in the sixteenth century, and then noting the grand complexity of the Baroque style in the seventeenth, of which Rubens was the first exponent, became aware that between the two there was a gap rather than a connection. Until recently, that gap had either been ignored or else misinterpreted. The art produced in the late sixteenth century ought, if one clings to the theory that art always develops logically from one stage to the next, to be a development out of Titian and Michelangelo into Rubens. Yet it is not. It is over-strained, restless, over-dramatised. It begins by exaggerating—even parodying—the styles of the great men of the High Renaissance; in particular, Michelangelo. His style becomes, in the hands of the Mannerists, a set of tricks. Their art strikes one as aiming at an effect rather than as expressing a genuine set of experiences.

That attempt to substitute a manner for a style led to the coining of that word Mannerism. But art historians soon found that artificial exaggerations were by no means its only characteristics. Behind it there was a genuine set of experiences—restless tensions, a lack of robustness and confidence, an excess of sophistication. Art historians have attempted to define the style more precisely than that, but so far their various definitions conflict with each other. It is safer to regard Mannerism as the art of a period in which the splendour of what had just come to an end had momentarily exhausted the soil. But when art history insists, as it sometimes does, on including one or two names of great artists—Tintoretto's in particular—who show no signs of exhaustion—I feel impelled to protest. Tintoretto was dynamic but not restless: he never aimed, as so many Mannerists did, at dramatic effectiveness for its own sake.

Now that we are approaching the end of our general inquiry into the roots of the artist's style it might be appropriate briefly to sum up and, in doing so, to glance at what is happening today. Let me first make it clear that 'style', in the sense in which we use the word today, is something that the artist himself is or was hardly conscious of. The architect of the Parthenon did not know that he was being Classic, nor were the builders of Rouen Cathedral aware that they were being Gothic. Velasquez would not have called himself a Realist, though Courbet did give himself that label. He was beginning to be attacked by the self-consciousness of the nineteenth century.

The earliest use of the word 'style', as applied to painting, occurs in the early eighteenth century, but it was only towards the middle of the nineteenth that art became style-conscious and only in our own century that painters have begun to invent their own names to define their own styles. That acute, analytical consciousness of style is, in fact, almost a disease of our own time. We live in an age of labels. I am aware that in giving this series of broadcasts about style, breaking it down into families, subdividing families into categories, I have been actually encouraging the disease, or at least admitting that I show all the symptoms of it myself. One cannot escape the spirit of one's own century. We *are* analytical; we are all acutely style-conscious; and the language of art criticism has reflected that consciousness by inventing a large new vocabulary of terms. One purpose, at least, of these talks is to clarify the vocabulary. What contemporary artists have done is to exaggerate and to isolate and, by doing so, to sterilise and impoverish the vision behind the style.

Throughout these talks I have been forced by the need for compression to over-emphasise the differences between the various families of style, and during the last hundred years the differences have been exaggerated into quarrels, but in the past those families intermarried to a much greater extent than I have suggested. That is the disadvantage

of compression. It not only omits detail, it also omits the half-tones, the gradations.

You may have noticed perhaps that I have only referred casually to some of the greatest names in the history of painting. I did so deliberately because they were not the names of purists. We can call Raphael a whole-hearted Classic and Velasquez a whole-hearted Realist, but Titian and Rembrandt or, if it comes to that, Picasso are equally great, but by no means equally whole-hearted. If we are engaged in playing the game of classification such names merely spoil the clarity of our pattern and that simply proves that clarity can be bought at too high a price. So in summing up what I have said in these five talks let me finish by destroying, in the interests of truth, the artificial neatness of the pattern of styles which I have outlined. It may be true that Classic, Romantic, and Realist are the names

of three ways of looking at life. But they can be combined in any proportion, and the mixture of them, far from weakening the style or destroying the intensity of the vision, may actually enrich it. Titian combines all three temperaments and thereby achieves not only a greater complexity but a more stable balance than any other artist. Surely his adorable 'Sacred and Profane Love', with its deliberate, almost Raphaelesque idealisation, its Romantic emotional overtones, and its honest scrutiny of the world of phenomena, occupies the central point where my three temperaments intersect.

Rembrandt, for all his sturdy Realism, is so pronounced a Romantic that Velasquez seems cold and heartless by comparison. Every square inch of 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' is the result of a searching, impartial eye—the eye of the Realist. Yet only a true Romantic could convey that this is not an ordinary barn and an ordinary newborn child, but the manger is in Bethlehem and the infant is Jesus. Had Rembrandt been a whole-hearted Realist like most of his Dutch contemporaries, that would have been impossible, for the Realist can never reach back, behind the thing seen, to its invisible implications.



'The Guitar Lesson', by Gerard Terborch (1617-81)

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery

Our genealogical tree of styles then, which seemed at first a simple division into three families each of which produced offspring with a family likeness that persisted down the generations and yet was modified by the climate of each generation, must at last be presented rather differently. The three families can intermarry and have intermarried freely; and not only have intermarried but *must* intermarry if art is to be robust. Art cannot be all formal perfection or it becomes empty: nor all emotional excitement or it becomes sloppy: nor all realistic description or it becomes impersonal. There have been moments when the spirit of the age frowned on certain alliances, but on the whole intermarriages have been fruitful and the resultant styles have benefited.

What can I add to that by way of a final sentence to this review of style in painting? Only a warning. The artist always has attempted and always will attempt to invent images that will express his personal attitude to the world he lives in. It is a world of phenomena—a world that comes to him through his eye. Yet what he makes of it, in his art, depends on his mind; he must not only see, he must also understand, even though he understands only a fraction of the whole. In doing so his images become impregnated with his temperament: and he evolves a 'style'. Pity the poor critic whose inadequate equipment has to invent words to describe style. I have done my best to define some of those words, but please remember that their real purpose is not so much to describe different kinds of pictures as the different kinds of men who painted them.—Home Service

Copies of *Style and Vision*, price 2s. 6d., published by the B.B.C. in connection with Mr. Newton's talks, are still available.



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

A FILM about techniques of engraving has just been finished. 'Artists Proof' is produced by Robert Erskine and directed by John Gibbon, and six artists, Roland Jarvis, Alistair Grant, Anthony Gross, Merlyn Evans, Anthony Harrison, and John Coplans appear in it. Each process is cleverly broken down in the film and a spoken commentary gives unobtrusive information. The film goes at breakneck speed and its makers have washed their hands of any heavy stuff about creation that so often goes with a documentary about art. Nobody tells us that any of the artists is 'preoccupied' with anything, which is a relief. At the same time one wishes that the camera had had time to linger at certain points, in the lithography workshops or watching the fiery movements of Anthony Gross making the final wipe of a plate. The film will be shown at various film festivals this summer.

Paintings by Anthony Gross are to be seen at the Leicester Galleries until the end of the week. These are closely connected in subject and conception with his suite of etchings, 'Le Boulvé'. He picks up a line characteristic of his theme, the parallel furrows of landscape, the ribbons of maize, and develops the image in space using this as his unit. Colour plays a simple and even neutral part. If in stressing the nearness to the etchings in this respect I imply a weakness of colour, I would wish also to imply that the etchings have the same spacial accuracy and plasticity of these pictures, whose dry *verve* is as rare in England as their professionalism.

Karel Appel, a Dutchman born in 1921, is given his first London exhibition by the Institute of Contemporary Arts. The pictures and the catalogue together provide a model study in the relations between a modern artist's work and his status as it is represented by others. Appel is a more or less abstract expressionist with a lot of rip-roaring comic energy. Slop, blam, splat goes the paint and out of the centre of the storm figures as resolute and beset as Bluebottle himself stare at you with golliwog eyes. Anything goes and one feels the kind of release near to dread that comes when clowning borders on dementia. 'I pelted the canvas until my ribs ached' is the kind of tribute they deserve.

In his catalogue introduction Christian Dotremont says 'The personal secret of Appel is doubtless to make no plans, but always to take off without passing through the decomposing stages of what it is normal to call "composition"'. His 'unity of action' is presented as a lesson, a tremendous reconciling force. It is not clear if the ridiculous suggestion is meant that his pictures are good because they are improvised, but it is clear that all value is given to the kind of act that produces the pictures. 'Never has painting been able to bear so profound a significance' says Dotremont, and it is painting he means, not pictures. There is nothing new about this. It is an established part of the legend of modern art. The important thing to notice is that it encourages people to look at pictures as signs of a certain attitude. And yet one would have thought that if there is a heroic quality in certain artists it is in that they have destroyed signs in favour of something with a precise and actual character of its own.

Satire has played an important part in the development of many modern artists. It provided Picasso and Klee, to name two obvious examples, with the freedom to manoeuvre that they wanted. Albert Tucker, an Australian painter who is showing work at the Imperial Institute, writes of a group of pictures dealing with the theme of Ned Kelly, the bushranger, that they began with 'a rather whimsical impulse to parody' the famous Kelly pictures by his friend Sidney Nolan. But 'they took on a separate life of their own. So I just let them go and followed along'. A whimsical impulse to parody also affects his choice of forms, for instance in 'King Kelly and his Legions' the bandits are like Picasso surrealist sculpture come to life and they take cover behind an earth bank which might once have been a painting by Dubuffet. In the hands of a French painter this satirical eclecticism would probably have been used to make a point about art; Tucker uses it to gain a style within which he frames his subjects and brings them to life. There is a sort of boyish obviousness in both style and subject as in the typing in American films of the nineteen-thirties; as well as the Kellys these are 'human landscapes', footballers, bus-drivers and 'Tough Guy' who, iron jawed and implacable, is as well set into his part as the great Rod la Rue.

Over thirty artists are represented at the Redfern Galleries' exhibition of abstract painting. Many here perform vague *tachiste* extemporisations. After Appel their acts are anaemic, grubby and unsure. The depressing thing about them, and it makes one doubly depressed about the whole cult of raw personality, is the used-up look that these pictures have, like crumpled handkerchiefs or cigarette ends. With abstract painting as with any other kind it is the image that counts, the



Two nude studies for angels by Ingres, from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

face that is presented to the world, and one turns with relief to those pictures, Bryan Wynter's, Alan Davie's, Terry Frost's whose features are decisive and charged, whose forms are differentiated. These, whatever their sources and affiliations, lead one away from chaos. But there are few indeed who risk finality. In front of those embodiments of order, Kenneth Martin's mobiles, one can almost feel the weight of the thousand decisions that have been built into their final form.

In a beautifully arranged exhibition at St. James's Square, the Arts Council are showing seventy drawings by Ingres from the museum of Montauban. Most of them are figure studies for paintings; they are hung in groups and there are photographs of the final works. Here in fact one may follow that very process of composition and research that M. Dotremont sets himself to 'unmask' in the Appel catalogue. In these drawings, exotic, classical, and realist at once, tremendous conflicts are resolved by will. The ideal was not easily recognised. For one thing it could not be conceived as a whole; Ingres' concentration on a single aspect of the model is a heroic personal solution. His thought here reminds us more of Matisse than of any earlier artist. Line was the one element by which he could close in on his model (one is struck by their individuality; each one had to have the right beauty for the job) and at the same time it gave him the material with which to compose.



The New Man

# Is Christianity Still Relevant?

The last of four talks for Lent by RONALD GREGOR SMITH

**I** ENDED my last talk\* by saying: 'The reality comes from the relation with God who is the Lord of history'. I was talking about that strange nation whom we call the children of Israel. They are strange just because they took their history, what happened to them, seriously; and because they believed that God was with them and would not forsake his world. All that you can say of that people of ancient times I believe you can also say of Christians: that is, of real Christians who hold to certain specific beliefs and who try to live by the consequences. In the framework of the old Israel this new Israel of the Christian community is highly original in one respect only, and that is in their particular faith in Christ, a historical being, as the actual personal embodiment of the life, and therefore the character and intention, of the living God.

## Neither a Religion nor a Philosophy

Is this kind of belief still relevant? To answer that question we must ask: What exactly is implied in that belief? And then we must ask: How can I enter upon that belief? But before I try to answer these questions I want to clear the ground of some wrong ideas. First, this Christian position, even in its richest and fullest examples, does not provide a ready-made answer to all the possible questions which you might ask. For instance, it does not really answer the problem of the evil in the world, in the sense of providing a cut-and-dried explanation of the source of the evil which we choose to do. Still less does it explain the evil we personally neither choose nor do. Second, this Christian position does not offer a kind of over-all system of philosophy, with a secure and complete survey of all the questions which an enquiring mind can ask. Third, the Christian position does not make any extravagant claim about as it were possessing a private line to the Almighty. It is not a mystical religion in the sense that it offers you visions of God which take the place of the ordinary and rather stale and bleak world in which we often find ourselves living. It is neither a religion nor a philosophy, so far as we understand by religion and philosophy things that men do off their own bat. The main point in Christianity is the claim that in Christ is the personal embodiment of the living God. This I believe is a live option for us all.

But what is it for which we are invited to opt? What is the choice before us? The choice is to go through to freedom and personal destiny, or to remain as an impotent and distracted part of an ultimately meaningless whirl of events, ending in despair and defeat and death. Christianity mounts its attack upon these things in us. That is to say, Christ mounts an attack upon them. How does he do it?

He does it in his own person. He does not simply teach us, telling us to seek the highest or to overcome our weaknesses, or to correct our errors. He does not merely try to educate. But first and foremost he meets us at the point of our greatest failures with a word of forgiveness and of renewal. Where is the point of our greatest failures? I should say, where we fail to be free, where we are sunk in dread and anxiety, and where we see everything ending in our own death, in going down into the waste pit of extinction. There is a way through, he says. It is a narrow way. Strait is the gate to life. That means you cannot fall back on other people here. But the loneliness which threatens to extinguish you is at the same time the way you must go. You must be present in person for this operation.

But if what we hear is more than teaching, what is it then? The peculiar and difficult answer is that the teacher himself is part of his teaching. Christ, the historical person who lived in Palestine nearly 2,000 years ago, gives himself with what he says. He is called the Word, but it is a very special Word, for the speech is a living and personal speech, it is an actual being. And the Christian belief is that this Word, Jesus, is God in person. This means that an understanding of what this Jesus intends includes a relation to what he is. And above all he is one who in the name of God forgives, makes free, gives courage, and sets upon a new way. He makes new. He makes us new people, new men and women.

How, you ask, how is this conceivable? What goes on here? To this

kind of question I can only answer: Look at him. Never was there a more extraordinary claim: before him there were good men, after him there have been good men who in their goodness have been persecuted, have won victories or have lost their lives. But never has there been another who has combined in himself, as he does, three things: absolute oneness with other men, of the kind that we recognise as the utterness of love, love for the undeserving; absolute powerlessness in the sense of using no compulsion, no attractive powers, no promise of an easy success; and, lastly, absolute assurance of oneness with God. What these three things mean, taken together, the oneness with men, the powerlessness in the world, and the oneness with God, is what Christians mean by the revelation of God's Word. Here, we say, is a Word which is the being of God. This is what God is like, this is what God is.

That is the content of the belief, and I amplify only one part of it: the powerlessness. When Christ is reported as having cried out upon the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?', I understand that to mean not only his absolute oneness with us, with poor hopeless helpless humanity, looking for hope and help; but also the very way in which God chooses to work. He works in humiliation and limitation: through suffering, and to the very limit of human life—that is, into death. God in Christ went into death not as the plaything of fate and evil men. He was caught in the trap; but he chose to enter it. This is the ultimate Word of God who shows the way by going the way. As I understand this extreme and dark event, he goes this way freely, in order that we who are his concern may be able also to go it in freedom: despair, defeat and death are no longer the last word for the human situation. The way has been struck open by the unity of a life which is completely human—but human not in the sense of an all too human failure but in the real humanity of living not for oneself but absolutely for others.

This is the claim, and these are the implications, of the Christian belief. But how can we enter upon this belief? How can we have faith? The chief thing, the real starting-point, lies in yourself. You hear what is said about Christ. But you are outside. Why? It is possible that you are outside for many different reasons. I have spoken of some of these reasons in my other talks. I repeat some of them briefly. You are outside because you think Christianity is what you have noticed going on round about you, in the things that I call religiousness, or just plain religion. Or because you are strongly entrenched in the modern world, which is independent and has no room for heaven or for anything beyond the life of man and his scientific pursuits. Or you are outside simply because you cannot, with the best will in the world, bring yourself to submit.

## Submission of the Will and Intellect

What is asked of you is a submission both of your will and of your intellect. But the question which is included in this invitation to submission is this: Is all well with you? Are you making good on your own? If that is your view, then you have no need of a cure. The cure that is offered by this particular physician is forgiveness, release from your anxiety and entry into new being. Not in some remote and mythical heaven, but now, and here: and entry into openness, without fear, where you cannot be bowled over by anything any more. You are freed from the world as an overwhelming fate which sweeps you along like a broken branch on a raging river, and you are reintroduced into the world as one who is bound up with others in solemn destiny. You take your part in the same historical being as was given in the life of Christ. You do not lose your place in the world. You find it, for the first time. I cannot say that it is mere enjoyment which is offered to you. The beginning is painful and the course is laborious. Endurance, staying power, is part of the necessary equipment. And it is also true that

In a world of fugitives  
The person taking the opposite direction  
Will appear to run away.

All this is in the offer. Faith in this sense is a complex affair. But it is not a trick, to deprive you of your freedom or to cause you to shut your eyes to realities: it becomes possible only at the point where you



see you have no freedom, by yourself you cannot face the realities in your own life, and the whole thing, your career of sorrow or success, fills you with nausea, or shame, or terror. If it is like that with you, then I can say, courage and help are on the way.

One thing more: this newness which is offered through the forgiving power of Christ is not an offer of perfection. It is not even an offer of oblivion. You do not escape from the world, either the world of your own past or the unknown world which lies ahead of you for the span of your years. But the past and the future lie open in a new way. You are

lifted out of the world, you are made new, and you are put back into the world. This is the work of the forgiving being of God. This is the meaning of those strange words of one of the first men to experience what I am trying to describe, when he said that we are to consider ourselves 'as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things'. This is the extraordinary depth in the Christian invitation, that it opens new ways into this present world at the same time as it offers glimpses into unimaginable treasures in the endless reality of God.—*Home Service*

## In Defence of the Faith

By the Rev. HENRY CHADWICK

**T**HE first defenders of the Christian faith were answering specific questions. Early Christian doctrine is an answering theology; and the answers hammered out at that primitive period were destined to have a long history. Nowadays discussions of Christian belief, whether favourable or not, often make an unconscious assumption that the situation which today confronts the Christian thinker or his critic is more or less new; that if the Christian position appears vulnerable now at certain points, that must be a consequence of the findings of contemporary scientific and historical investigation, and that therefore our twentieth-century difficulties could not have been felt at all by the Christians of the first century or indeed of any century before the times of Copernicus.

### The Ancient Past and the Modern Problem

It is an explicable attitude, derived from a progressivist mythology with implications a little flattering to modern man. That there are real problems today which were not felt in antiquity or medieval times, I am not concerned to deny. But it is the ancient past which has done so much to determine the form of the modern problem. I want to suggest that in the earliest debates about Christian belief during the first three centuries of our era there is much to make us feel at home, and even that the nature of our modern questionings can be illuminated by looking back to this crucial period in the growth of the Church.

From the start the Church had to meet keen criticism, often reinforced by violence, from the Jews. For a considerable period, the conflict between Church and Synagogue was the very hottest forefront of the battle; and the legacy of the bitterness then engendered cannot really be said to be dead even now. The Jews deeply resented the Church's claim to be the heir of the promises of God to his chosen people and so to be the true Israel. To the Christians the Mosaic law was transcended and in some sense superseded in Christ. The particular ceremonies of circumcision, sabbath observance, and the Jewish feasts were now abrogated, and Christ had inaugurated a universal religion, for all races alike; he was the light to lighten the Gentiles to which Old Testament prophecy had looked forward. The Christian argument was the more formidable for the fact that its fundamental premise was the monotheism that was the chief distinctive feature of Judaism in the ancient world. If God, the Christians said, is the God of all the earth (as every Jew believes), his revealed religion cannot be limited (as Judaism obviously is) to one particular nation or tribe. Judaism contains within itself the seeds of its own disruption.

To the Jews, on the other hand, the Christians appeared to be unscrupulous trimmers. They were stealing the honey out of the Jewish hive; they used the same scriptures, their ethic was a Hebrew ethic. But they dropped those ancestral Jewish practices such as circumcision and abstinence from pork which were either repulsive or ridiculous in the eyes of ordinary Greeks and Romans. The Jews believed the Christians were dangerous heretics, adjusting the unalterable revealed religion given by God to Moses on Mount Sinai to make it suit heathen prejudices.

Ironically enough, the Christians were caught between two fires here. For the Jewish accusation was not one that would ever have occurred to any Greek or Roman. That the Jews were exclusive was well known; but did the Christians seem any less so? Like the Jews they were absolute monotheists, and understood that belief to invalidate all forms of religion other than their own. Why do not Jews eat pork? It might be

a subject of conversation at any convivial dinner party. But the Christians soon became hardly less notorious by refusing to eat meat that had been offered in pagan sacrifice and was subsequently sold off in the market. They appeared to have no vegetarian principles to make their behaviour intelligible. Why, it was asked, did they pick on this kind of meat only? To pagan observers the Christians manifested all the social exclusiveness and eccentricity of the Jews, with the additional disadvantage that Christian practices could not be justified as immemorial national tradition. To quote the mordant words of Celsus, the anti-Christian pamphleteer of the latter half of the second century, 'the religion of the Jews may be highly peculiar, but it is at least the custom of their fathers'. But Christianity was new. The Christians seemed to take a pride in not worshipping as their forefathers. They had abandoned the old paths for this newly invented absurdity of worshipping a Jew crucified a few years back in disgraceful circumstances. In the ancient world it was a truth universally acknowledged that nothing new can be true.

In answering the charge of being new, the Christians had to appeal to the Old Testament. There may have been certain respects in which the Old Testament seemed a liability to the Church in the second century (indeed some heretics wanted to scrap it altogether), but there were many more in which it was an undoubted asset. Here was a book of hoary antiquity; by chronological calculations it could be shown that Moses was much earlier than Plato and even than the Trojan War. And Christianity was only the explanation of the true meaning of the Old Testament. The prophets looked forward to Christ.

### The Messiah of Old Testament Prophecy

The debate with the Jews meant that the Church had to prove Jesus to be the Messiah of Old Testament prophecy. How important this was may be gauged from the fact that for several centuries prophetic exposition was the prime content of the instruction given to candidates for Christian baptism when they were taught about the person of Christ. The original design of the argument against the Synagogue was to show that despite the apparent scandal of the crucifixion Jesus was the anointed of God, and that the Christians were the legitimate inheritors of the Hebrew Bible. But the argument also comes to be a powerful weapon on a different front, namely, in the debate with the Gentiles; here it becomes a proof that Christianity is of supernatural origin on the ground that it is vindicated by the precise fulfilment, in the life of Jesus, of predictions uttered hundreds of years beforehand. The change of context subtly but radically alters the nature of the argument; it now becomes an answer to the question: Is the Church of heaven or of men? If its premisses are granted, the conclusion becomes difficult to resist. If men living 500 years previously had exactly predicted the events of Christ's birth and passion, surely no rational mind could doubt for a moment that this was the work of God and not of man. If proofs were required, here was the supernatural demonstrated from startling breaks in the natural order; and anyone refusing his assent to proofs so infallible was either a fool or a knave.

The two main props of popular Christian defence in the second century are the miracles of Jesus and the fulfilment of prophecy. The strength and the weakness of these two arguments lies in their being interconnected and dependent. On the one hand, the argument from miracle (as the Christians were well aware) is vulnerable to the objection that only someone there at the time could be sure of it; for



anyone not there, the credit of the miracle depends upon the credit of the witnesses. For guarantees of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, we have the ancient predictions of the Old Testament. On the other hand, did we not possess sufficient attestation of the miraculous events we could not be certain that the predictions really were fulfilled. Put in an over-simplified and crude form it may be stated thus: it is the recognition that the miraculous events took place which proves the prophets to have been inspired; and it is the recognition that the prophets were inspired which gives us assurance that the miracles happened.

Pagan critics of the second century are not slow to see that these are arguments that they must at all costs undermine. Are the miracles of Jesus, they ask, essentially different from magic? Are they attested on sober and impartial testimony, or is it only a hysterical female that witnesses to the Resurrection? Even supposing the miracle-stories are true, are they more impressive than those ascribed on equally good authority, for example, to the healing-god Asclepius? Again, are the Old Testament prophecies so clear that they can only refer to Jesus and not to anyone else? If they are clear, why have the Jews failed to believe him? And if we may accept the inspiration of biblical prophecies, why not also the oracles of Apollo? Why, ask the pagan critics, are Christians angry and embarrassed when the claims of their religion are compared with those made by others?

### Testimony of the Church's Mission

These questions are little more than an adaptation of the Christian critique of traditional paganism. The Christians were embarrassed just because they were finding weapons forged in their own arsenal turned against themselves. In controversy about religion it is always much easier to knock down the ninepins of the opposition than to keep one's own standing upright. The heavy fire directed against the twin arguments from miracle and prophecy in fact forced the Christians back on to a stronger line of defence, namely, that the truth of the gospel narrative is verified by the conviction of the Apostles and the consequent mission of the Church to the world. If the resurrection had been a fiction, the Apostles would never have risked their lives for something they must have known to be grounded upon a lie.

Moreover, if it be not the work of God, how has it come about that the faith of a few ignorant fishermen has spread with incredible rapidity and has become world-wide so as to reach not only to India and beyond the Caspian, but even to the utterly barbarous tribes of Britain? The evangelists and teachers have been lacking in eloquence. They have not been trained in syllogisms and the subtleties of logical argument. They have been met by the opposition of prejudiced mobs and a hostile government. They have undertaken no publicity campaign, nor have they gone recruiting from house to house. Nevertheless, the churches are packed. The faith spreads as if it were a forest fire, and the sole effect of persecution is that the blood of the martyrs becomes the seed of the Church. Already in the second century the Church was looking forward to the day when the hostility of the Roman empire would collapse and the emperor himself would be converted to the faith. In the fourth century men like the historian, Eusebius of Caesarea, saw the conversion of Constantine as a striking act of God in history and as the culmination of a fantastic story of missionary expansion that had begun with a handful of frightened Apostles in Jerusalem.

Long before the time of Constantine, there were Christians who believed that in the providence of God the destinies of the Church and of the Roman Empire were bound up together. Could it be mere accident that the *Pax Romana* had been established by Augustus at the same time as the coming of the peaceful religion of Christ? In the eyes of Roman authority the Christians were bad citizens because they refused to participate in the worship of the gods which ensured the safety of the empire. The Christian writer Athenagoras, of the time of Marcus Aurelius, tries to see the relations of Church and State as a contract for mutual advantage. The state, he says, has no more honest tradesmen or well-behaved citizens than the Christians. Their family life is stable and their high standard of morality is for the advantage of society as a whole. On the other hand, it is for the advantage of the Church that peace and public order should be maintained; and accordingly we Christians are most faithful in prayers and intercessions for the emperor.

Against this background of ideas, the Constantinian revolution is not thunder out of a clear sky. It is but the realisation of a dream that had long been there. And the miracle of the emperor's conversion seemed to the Church of that time a crucial step forward towards the universal expansion of Christianity when the earth would be full of

the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea. The Roman Empire was to be the appointed instrument of God for his purposes, and nothing will more ensure the safety of the empire than the imperial recognition of the true faith.

### Difficulties and Dangers

And yet there are difficulties and dangers inherent in this exalted mystique which are very present to the mind of the best Christian thinkers from Origen to St. Augustine. If Christianity is vindicated by success, what are the implications of a failure or a recession? What kind of problem is going to be presented to the apologists by, say, the Moslem invasions? Again, is it well for Christianity to be so identified with the Graeco-Roman world? Will it not make possible the identification of Christianity with European tradition and 'western values'? What, then, of the primitive universalism? Finally, to put the problems which caused the worst headaches to the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries, are numbers in themselves a sufficient argument to prove the divine power of Christ? Can quantity be divorced from quality? The admission of the multitude brings a reduction in standards. Is it good for the Church to be so identified with civil society that before the end of the fourth century bishops of great cities are awarded precedence before the highest secular officials?

A fourth-century archbishop said No to that last question, and said it decisively. And back in the century before Constantine grave doubts about the rapid expansion of the Church are expressed by Origen: 'Look', he says, 'at our well-filled churches; how many are conformed to this world; how few transformed by the renewing of their mind. . . . In these days those who are baptised receive merely the outward form of the mysteries; would that we were back in the apostolic age—then they were filled with inward power'. The sheer success of the Church has brought with it a new set of problems; it has become respectable. Now, Origen remarks, we have Christians who come to church only three times a year at high festivals—because they like colourful processions—or who come merely as a social act and pay little heed to the lessons and the sermon. It is not unknown for the careless to sit in remote corners of the church reading secular novels.

Men like Origen were fully aware that the popular triad of arguments for Christianity—miracle, prophecy, and the expansion of the Church—was not as foolproof as it might seem. The strength and the weakness of the triad consist surely in the attempt to provide the Christian faith with external guarantees. The early Christians significantly observe that the three arguments are of unequal value. Miracle they value least. Prophecy is much stronger, but even then the Old Testament contains admitted obscurities and difficulties. The appeal to the expansion of the Church was more cogent than all. In that feeling the early Church was surely not far wrong. For despite the exaggerated and sometimes crude form in which it was stated, the third argument contains an important substratum of more permanent truth. Stripped of its trappings, it is at bottom not really an appeal to something external to the Christian Gospel as a means of vindicating the truth of its claims by empirically observable facts, but rather to the inherent power of the Christian message to move souls to repentance and faith. It is a variant of that confession of faith incisively stated by St. Augustine in a famous sentence: 'I would not have believed the Gospel unless the authority of the universal Church had constrained me to do so'.—*Third Programme*

## Bread

Hunger was loneliness; betrayed  
By the pitiless candour of the stars'  
Talk, in an old byre he prayed;

Not for food, to pray was to know  
Waking from a dark dream to find  
The white loaf on the white snow;

Not for warmth, warmth brought the rain's  
Blurring of the essential point  
Of ice probing his raw pain.

He prayed for love, love that would share  
His rags' secret; rising he broke,  
Like sun crumbling the gold air

The live bread for the starved folk.

R. S. THOMAS



# NEWS DIARY

April 10-16

## Wednesday, April 10

Commons debate the Budget

Jordan Cabinet resigns

Value of British exports for March stated to be highest ever recorded

Two airmen charged under Air Force Act in connection with crash of R.A.F. Beverley transport aircraft last month

## Thursday, April 11

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh return from state visit to France

Agreement signed in London granting full internal self-government to Singapore

Court of Inquiry into dispute at Briggs Motor Bodies says that the dismissed shop steward should not be reinstated

Eoka threatens to resume terrorist campaign in Cyprus unless the Governor abolishes the emergency regulations

## Friday, April 12

New American plan for ending production of nuclear weapons submitted by Mr. Harold Stassen to U.N. disarmament sub-committee in London. Soviet Union carries out its fourth nuclear test in ten days

More than 100 pilots dismissed by Qantas Empire Airways for striking

## Saturday, April 13

Sir Anthony Eden undergoes an operation in Boston

Japan protests to Russia about atomic and nuclear weapon tests

Weekend postal deliveries suspended throughout U.S.A. as economy measure by Postmaster-General in protest against refusal of Congress to grant him extra funds

## Sunday, April 14

Statement issued in Amman says that attempts by 'irresponsible elements' to penetrate the ranks of the Jordan army have failed

Bulletin on Sir Anthony Eden states that 'his general condition is satisfactory'

Six old people die in a hotel fire at Southport, Lancashire

## Monday, April 15

New Government is formed in Jordan by Dr. Hussein Khalidi

It is announced that petrol rationing is to stay 'for the time being'

A committee is to be appointed to consider if restrictions should be placed on the reporting of indictable cases before the lower courts

## Tuesday, April 16

Mr. Duncan Sandys makes statement on Government's defence policy

Doctors and dentists are to get 5 per cent. rise in basic pay from May 1

Police to be given fuller powers to move parked vehicles



A demonstration calling for 'Arab unity and liberty' by students in the main street of Amman, Jordan's capital, last Saturday during the constitutional crisis. A revolt in the army last weekend was crushed by King Hussein and on April 15 Dr. Hussein Khalidi, a former Foreign Minister, succeeded in forming a new Government



The modern replica of the Mayflower (which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to America in 1620) photographed at Brixham, Devon, last weekend, as she prepared for her voyage to Plymouth, Massachusetts. The ship is a goodwill gift to the United States



Ten Island pool in the Peakirk w... Severn Wildfowl Trust) which was c... seventy kinds of waterfowl





Country and ceremonial in Paris, the  
of Edinburgh concluded their state  
tour of the northern industrial region.  
r Majesty is seen at the Prouvost  
oubaix, near Lille, on April 11



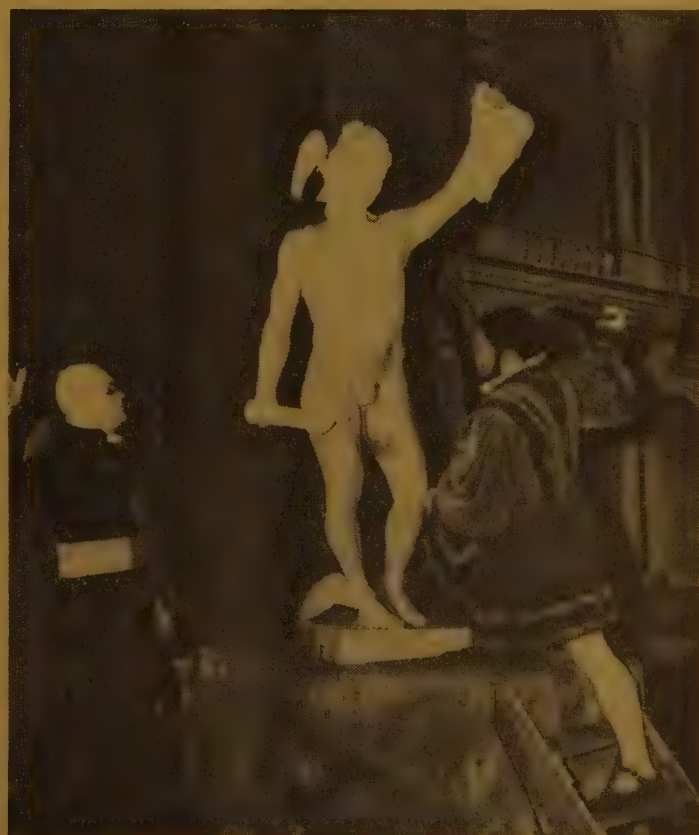
The 20,000-ton Italian tanker *Fina Canada* passing through the Suez Canal on April 9; she is the largest tanker to use the waterway since its reopening to shipping. The United Nations stated last week that the cost of clearing the canal had amounted to only about half the original estimate



J. Nimmins, captain of Bishop Auckland, being chaired by his team after they had beaten Wycombe Wanderers, 3-1, in the Amateur Cup Final at Wembley on Saturday. It is their third successive win



Peterborough (an offshoot of the  
of Gloucester on April 12. There are  
a cover about eleven acres



S. Pieczora as Cardinal Salviati and Charles Craig in the title-role in a scene from the opera 'Benvenuto Cellini' by Berlioz which is being performed at Sadler's Wells by the Carl Rosa Company. It has not been seen in London since 1853

Left: twin Kodiak bear cubs, born recently at Whipsnade, making their first public appearance last weekend under their mother's supervision



## Law in Action

# Liability for a Child's Wrongful Acts

By R. F. V. HEUSTON

ON the morning of April 19, 1951, David Morgan, a little boy aged just four years, was brought to the nursery school at Ammanford in Carmarthenshire by his mother. Until he was collected by her again in the afternoon he was in the custody of the education authority for the area, the Carmarthenshire County Council. On this particular morning he was in a state of some excitement, for he had been promised a small treat. The schoolmistress who looked after the children in the nursery school had promised him that she would bring him, and another small child, Shinoa Evans, into the town for a walk. Unfortunately, the mistress was delayed by the need to attend to another child, who had fallen down and cut himself, and when she returned some ten minutes later she found the classroom empty. David had run out of the classroom, across a playground and through an unlocked gate, on to a busy street. Although he had been lucky enough to escape injury himself he had caused the death of a lorry-driver, who had run his lorry into a telegraph pole while swerving to avoid him.

## Anticipating the Actions of an Infant

The widow of the lorry-driver, Mrs. Lewis, sued the Carmarthenshire County Council, alleging that her husband's death was due to the negligence of the defendants or their servants, the teachers in the nursery school. Two main points were argued. First, it was said that the mistress could not reasonably have anticipated that a small child would escape from its classroom into the street: such an accident had never happened before. If this were so, it would follow that she was not liable; for the criterion of liability in the law of negligence is the foresight of the reasonable man. Secondly, it was said that even if such an event ought to have been anticipated, the defendants owed no duty to the deceased. The only kind of accident which might have been expected to have followed David's escape, it was argued, was an injury to David himself, and not an injury to other road-users.

The trial judge, Devlin J., found for the plaintiff. On the first point, he held that the mistress's ten-minute absence from the classroom was more than a minor act of carelessness. She ought to have foreseen that two excited small children might open the door—the latch was within their grasp—and so reach the outside world. On the second point, he held that any person who allows a young child to stray into a busy street ought to anticipate not only that the child might be injured in a traffic accident but also that injury might result to the person other than the child involved in the accident. Devlin J. Accordingly awarded the plaintiff damages amounting to some £3,000.

This judgement was unanimously affirmed by three Lords Justices in the Court of Appeal. The Carmarthenshire County Council then appealed to the House of Lords, but the Law Lords, by a majority of four to one, dismissed the appeal. The House of Lords decided unanimously that the mistress had not been negligent. The standard of care which the law required of her was that of a reasonably prudent parent and the evidence showed that she had complied with this standard. Lord Reid in his judgement said: 'Even a housewife who has young children cannot be in two places at once and no one would suggest that she must neglect her other duties, or that a young child must always be kept cooped up'.

Why did not the House of Lords allow the appeal if it found that the schoolmistress for whose acts it was sought to make the Carmarthenshire County Council vicariously liable had not been guilty of any tort? Because they held that the Council was primarily responsible for its own negligence, not vicariously responsible for that of one of its servants. Its negligence consisted in its failure to take precautions against the foreseeable risk that a small child might open the door of the classroom and thence wander through an unlocked side-gate into the street. 'My Lords', said Lord Keith of Avonholm, 'if I find two toddlers, not quite four years of age, unaccompanied in a busy street, exposed to all the perils of a traffic accident, my natural reaction is to think that someone has been thoughtless, or careless, or negligent of their safety. This is not necessarily so, for with that unpredictability

which is characteristic of the very small, they may have eluded a reasonable vigilance of their guardians. If, however, the carefulness, or carelessness, of the person responsible for their safety becomes a material issue, it is, in my opinion, for the person in charge of them to negative carelessness'. This the Carmarthenshire County Council had failed to do: they were liable because they had failed to provide any explanation of how David had escaped.

One unsuccessful argument put forward by the appellants deserves notice. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—as an old legal phrase puts it—the common law of England has held that an occupier of property is not liable in tort if his domestic animals not known to be dangerous escape from his property on to the highway and there cause injury. This is so even if the occupier has been frivolously indifferent to the state of his gates and hedges. In *Carmarthenshire County Council v. Lewis* the appellants argued that the responsibility of an occupier for the escape of small children from his premises on to the highway should be no greater than his responsibility for the escape of his domestic animals.

From a purely logical point of view, no doubt it would have been permissible for the House of Lords to have accepted this argument. As Lord Goddard remarked, from the standpoint of reasoning powers there is not much difference between a sheep and a toddler. But English judges have never felt obliged to extend an existing rule to a novel state of facts merely because logic would entitle them to do so. They have insisted that two other factors may be relevant—namely, the historical origin of the rule, and its present social utility. In this case both these factors combined to persuade the Law Lords not to put children and animals into the same class. For the rule about domestic animals arose because most of the roads in this country originated over unenclosed land when the open-field system of farming prevailed and long before fencing became usual. In such conditions it is clear that the presence of sheep or cattle on the highway is not inconsistent with the reasonable safety of the public. But there is no reason why a rule of law which has grown out of such conditions should apply to children. Again, the social utility of the rule has become very doubtful in these days of fast motor traffic. In fact, a committee presided over by Lord Goddard recently recommended that the rule should be altered by statute. Clearly social utility favours the restriction rather than the extension of the rule.

## Individual Responsibility

What is the general significance of *Carmarthenshire County Council v. Lewis*? Does it mean that the harassed housewife and mother must tie her children to her apron-strings if she wishes to avoid the risk of being ruined by a judgement obliging her to pay thousands of pounds to someone injured in consequence of a child's escape? In order to answer this question we must first see something of the general law relating to the civil responsibility of infants, their parents and teachers. In the eyes of the law an infant is any person under the age of twenty-one years. (Perhaps I may add the not very familiar fact that in law an infant attains his majority on the first moment of the day preceding the twenty-first anniversary of his birth.) Hence the term infant includes both toddlers like David Morgan and also the sort of people described in the reports of police-court proceedings as 'youths'. Contrary to popular belief, an infant, however young, may be held liable in tort. Individual responsibility before the law is one of the first principles of our constitution. As long ago as 1779 Lord Kenyon, C.J., said: 'If an infant should commit an assault or utter slander, God forbid that he should not be answerable for it in a court of justice'. I suppose that the idea that an infant is not responsible for his torts is due to several reasons. First, people may have confused the rule of the law of torts with the rule of the criminal law, which confers total immunity on an infant under eight years of age, and partial immunity on infants between eight and fourteen. Secondly, as an infant is not in general liable on his contracts, he cannot be sued in tort if such an action would be an indirect way of enforcing a void contract. Hence an infant who



obtains a loan of money by falsely stating that he is of full age cannot be sued for the tort of deceit—otherwise, as was said in 1665, ‘all the infants in England will be ruined’<sup>3</sup>.

The third reason for the erroneous notion that an infant enjoys some special immunity may be due to the fact that the action for negligence is by far the most common class of action in the courts today, and in such an action against an infant it must be shown that the defendant has failed to show the amount of care reasonably to be expected from a person of his age. It is not enough to show that an adult would have been held liable had he acted in the same way. To use a common phrase, an infant must be ‘old enough to know better’ before he can be held liable in negligence. But if the plaintiff has a cause of action in which it is not necessary for him to show that the defendant was actuated by any particular mental state, such an intention, inadvertence, or malice, an infant may be liable, however tender his years. Such a cause of action may arise if the defendant commits an immediate and direct interference with the person, the land, or the goods of the plaintiff. This entitles the plaintiff to bring the action of trespass.

**Burning a Haystack**

Thus in 1866 a child aged four years had crushed his fingers in the cogs of a machine exposed for sale in a street<sup>4</sup>. Baron Bramwell held that he was unable to recover damages from the owner of the machine, and also expressed the view that if the machine had been of an especially delicate construction the child might have been liable to the owner in an action of trespass to chattels. On the first point the learned judge was probably wrong: today most courts would hold that the defendant had been negligent in leaving a dangerous machine in a public place where children could injure themselves in a way which might reasonably be foreseen—and the reasonable man would foresee that children are naturally inquisitive and mischievous. On the second point, however, the learned judge was perfectly correct, although his robust Victorian self-reliance may sound a little strange to modern ears. Thus in a recent case damages amounting to £900 were awarded against an infant aged seven years in an action of trespass for the burning of the plaintiff’s haystack<sup>5</sup>.

Normally, however, it will hardly be worth suing an infant wrongdoer, for the property available to satisfy the judgement may consist of no more than a few items of sporting equipment and a model railway. One who has a grievance because he has been assaulted by a teddy-boy, or had his windows broken by his neighbour’s small child, will wish to sue someone with sufficient assets, and his thoughts will naturally turn to the child’s parent or teacher. For just as there is an erroneous belief that an infant can never be liable personally for his torts, so there is an erroneous belief that the parent or teacher is always responsible.

This is not so. It is true that the civil law of ancient Rome imposed liability on the paterfamilias for the delicts of his child, although the primary liability was to surrender the child to the plaintiff rather than to pay damages. Even today Article 1384 of the French Civil Code imposes liability on the father for the wrongs of his child. But on this matter the common law has refused to follow the opinions of foreign jurists. Our law does not regard even the most mischievous of small boys as equivalent to a savage animal, the keeper of which is strictly responsible for any damage it may do. Yet a parent may be responsible for his child’s tort in certain circumstances and a schoolteacher who is in charge of the child is in the same position. This, however, will not be because of the relationship of parent and child, or teacher and pupil, but because the parent or teacher has acted in such a way as to bring into existence some other, and legally more significant, relationship. This may occur in three cases.

**The Teen-age Car Driver**

First, the parent may act in such a way as to render himself liable as a joint tortfeasor with his child—e.g., if he instigates his son to damage a pylon belonging to an electricity authority. Secondly, a parent may be vicariously responsible for his child’s tort if the relationship of master and servant exists between them. Thus a mother who asks her teen-age son to drive her round the town on a shopping expedition might be held to have made the son her servant for the duration of the expedition. For the relationship of master and servant may exist even though no payment is made for the services rendered, provided that there is a right to control the way in which the services

are performed. On the other hand, if the same mother, after much heart-searching, should lend the same car to the same son for the purpose of driving his partner home from a local dance, she would not be responsible if disaster overtook them on the way.

Thirdly, a parent may have to answer for his own personal negligence in affording his son an opportunity of doing wrong. Thus, in one of the leading cases on the matter, a father was held liable for leaving a loaded shot-gun in a place easily accessible to his son, who had been thereby enabled to shoot a playmate in the eye. Nor would it necessarily be a defence in such a case for the father to say that he had warned his son about the dangers of loaded guns. For the duty of the transferor of a highly dangerous object is not discharged by giving a warning if the person to whom it is transferred is not capable of profiting by it.

Does this mean that a father can never safely permit his son to own a bow and arrow, a catapult, or an airgun? It can be said at once that these objects are not usually of such a lethal nature as to require that very high degree of care which is necessary when handling sporting guns, poisons, explosives, or inflammable substances. They are not what lawyers sometimes call things dangerous *per se*. A father who permits his son to have one of these normal childhood toys is not an insurer against every possible hazard: he is only required to show the standard of care to be expected of a reasonably prudent parent. Whether he has observed this standard is a question of fact, to be answered after consideration of all the relevant factors: the nature of the boy, the nature of the article, and the character and customs of the neighbourhood.

**A Parent’s Reasonable Precautions**

Thus, on the one hand, in *Bebee v. Sales*<sup>6</sup> a father was held liable when his son destroyed the plaintiff’s eye by a pellet from an airgun; but it is important to note that the father knew that the boy had previously broken windows with the gun. On the other hand, in *Donaldson v. McNiven*<sup>7</sup> the defendant, who lived in a populous suburban neighbourhood, was held not liable for a similar accident, because the evidence showed that he had taken all reasonable precautions to prevent damage. He had told his son, who was described as a normal boy, not specially obedient or disobedient, that the gun must be used only in a cellar at the rear of the house. The boy also gave his mother his word of honour that he would do this. Unfortunately he was tempted by the desire to show off to a friend: he took the gun out to a lane and fired it. The Court of Appeal held that the father was not responsible for an act of ‘extreme disobedience and unfaithfulness and folly’ which could not have been reasonably foreseen or guarded against. One of the Lords Justices said that the father had acted quite properly in obtaining a promise from a son whom he had no reason to distrust rather than locking up the gun.

It is, I think, legitimate to regret that so few of these cases are decided now with the aid of a jury. For however skilled a judge may be, both as a judge and as a father of a family, it is doubtful if his opinion on the standard of care to be expected of a parent can have the same degree of finality as that of twelve ordinary men and women in a jury box.

How far, then, has the House of Lords increased the burden on parents by its decision in the Carmarthenshire County Council case? I do not think that the House intended to do this: it will be recalled that although the County Council was held responsible because it failed to rebut the presumption of negligence which arose from the escape of a small child into the street, the schoolmistress was held free from blame because she had acted as a reasonably prudent parent would have done. Further, Lord Goddard expressly said that in this matter there was no comparison between a school playground and the home.

Yet some unsolved problems await decision in future cases. What is the position of the parents of a child old enough to find its own way to school, or country children using a road in full sight of approaching traffic, or tiny tots on some side street obviously used as a playground? I think that the effect of the decision has been to remind parents of their responsibilities towards their neighbours in the crowded conditions of modern life. Some may think that in the age of the teddy-boy this is no bad thing.—*Third Programme*

<sup>1</sup> [1955] A.C. 549. <sup>2</sup> *Jennings v. Randall* (1799) 8 T.R. 335, at 336  
<sup>3</sup> *Johnson v. Pye* (1665) 1 Sid. 258. <sup>4</sup> *Mangan v. Atterton* (1866) L.R. 1 Ex. 239  
<sup>5</sup> *O’Brien v. McNamee* [1953] I.R. 86. <sup>6</sup> (1916) 32 T.L.R. 413  
<sup>7</sup> [1952] 2 All E.R. 691



# Inventor of the Aunt-frightening Island

By R. H. PEARSON

**M**Y father retired permanently to Baynton House in 1918, after having provided this country with its first war-time postal censorship. Thereafter his life was strictly private and secluded. But although the United Kingdom was to experience no more of his public handiwork, his creative career was far from ended. On the contrary, it had only just begun in earnest. In his photograph, which I keep on my desk, the prominent and powerful ridge above his eyebrows is plain to see—the bumps of original genius. Above these ‘bumps’ hangs the snow-white hair of retirement, but below them stare a pair of defiantly youthful eyes that have only just started to invent.

The fountain-head for this creative stream was his private workshop, hidden away in a hollow, and equipped, regardless of expense, with every kind of machine and tool the amateur mechanic could desire, from spanners to gear-cutting lathes. While the rest of Baynton House and its estate were cared for in traditional style by plenty of servants, in this private sanctum my father was at liberty to handle oil-cans and turn metal bearings all day, to his heart's content. Dressed in an old, worn jacket and a heavy leather apron, instincts long suppressed amid the stiff collars and in-trays of Whitehall were free and uninhibited at last.

Thus it was there came to be conceived and born the pioneering automatic-tea-kettle for early rising humans closely followed by the periodically-tilting-corn-bin (for early riding hunters). Also the many boxes which he designed to be openable only in the subtlest ways, such as tipping them in different directions, or spinning them (the centrifugal-key-box, for example) or blowing into them through a minute hole (the blow-opener); also the aerial-breakfast-tray, which bore coffee percolators and bacon-and-eggs soaring fifty feet over the rose-garden along an overhead cable to the summit of the tall terraces; the kindred ‘puller-uppers’ which assisted breakfasters to meet the tray there; and the wasp-electrocuting machine, which allowed them to admire the excellent view of the lake below while eating waspless marmalade.

All these, and many other masterpieces, were designed solely to enrich life within our secluded country-house gates. There could be no economic reason. For, in spite of the almost unlimited machinery at his disposal, my father preferred to create out of the remains of other things, mostly the insides of old motor-cars (which he could never bear to sell) or unlikely fragments of machinery sold him by a favourite gypsy scrap-dealer, such as milk separators or automatic slot machines or balloon cable. Such methods of re-synthesis out of disintegration, though brilliantly ingenious and parallel to Nature's own re-cycling system of life, were hardly suitable for modern mass-production methods.

As for such devices as the centrifugal-key-box, or the blow-opener, they took him several weeks each to make and several minutes to open each time when they were made. So, for this very reason, the blow-opener never, as long as I knew, contained more than six old trouser buttons, two Swiss francs, and a solitary drawing-pin, while the centrifugal-key-box controlled entry to our squash court, the only building I can think of where no intruders could have done any harm. Its key was kept in the centrifugal-key-box to demonstrate pure abstract cunning and nothing else. Here, if nowhere else, was art for art's sake.

But it was not until his three children grew old enough to start

appreciating and stimulating them that his rare talents began to excel themselves. When Peter and I were still small boys, and my mother died, he made us a distractionary mouse-house. It was no ordinary mouse-house. Besides containing all the devices mice love most, such as tread-wheels, trap-doors, gymnasia, and so on, it had piped-circuits for them like electricity circuits, with cheese to increase mouse-voltage, resistances, reverses and so on. Later the aerial-breakfast-tray came under our expert control, with coffee percolators and full-cream milk swaying perilously over the rose trees.

Every time Peter and I came home from school for the holidays, we found some fresh mechanical excitement waiting for us to try out. As we grew towards adolescence, the series reached its climax in three final masterpieces, each more original, spectacular, and dangerous than its predecessor; the hydroplane-board machine, the grand-travelling-sudden-dead-stop-trapeze, and the aunt-frightening island. I feel these achievements deserve handing down to posterity in detail. What made the hydroplane-board so exciting in its early stage was that there was no means of stopping it if something went wrong. It went wrong with poor Lionel who was our guest at the time, and nearly killed him.

My father had laid one of those thin steel cables, so dear to his heart (ever since the success of the aerial-breakfast-tray), the full length of the lake, attaching one end to the specially constructed hydroplane board and the other round a right-angle pulley to one of those vintage motor-cars I said before he could never bear to sell. Lionel, an adult guest, and under obligation to his host for a country weekend, stood on the board in bathing trunks, while Leta, my elder sister, roared the car flat out up the front drive towards our main gate, towing him at right-angles behind her. The trouble was, once she and the vintage car disappeared round the far side of the laurel trees which curtain off that end of the lake from the rest of the drive, there was neither visual nor audible means left of stopping her. Lionel fell into the waters rushing by, catching one of his feet in the holding ropes as he did so. He was pulled feet first under water at twenty miles an hour, disappearing completely from view beneath a whirl of foam and high-flung spray. ‘Leta!’, we all yelled at the top of our voices, ‘stop the car!’ But she roared on out of sight towards the main-gates, determined to give Lionel his money's worth. However, the lake was not long enough to drown our guest entirely.

Stella, an adult female guest, was offered the honour of testing the grand-travelling-sudden-dead-stop-trapeze for us for the first time. She was as light and graceful as Lionel had been solid; just the build to be launched across our secluded valley next to the blue sky. She also was under weekend obligations. This time a steel cable was stretched from the very top of the big oak tree that rose from the summit of the terraces (already laden with the pulleys of the aerial-breakfast-tray and puller-uppers) to one of the highest branches of the Scotch spruce on the opposite rim of the valley. It passed over the terraces, over the rock-garden, and over the lake. As far as steel wires were concerned this was my father's triumph, the king of its kind. He had suffered many precarious tree-top hours adjusting its extremities. It was his *magnum opus*.

A carriage similar in structure to the aerial-breakfast-tray was designed to run down the cable with a trapeze suspended from it some twenty feet below, from which Stella was to hang by her hands. He



The private workshop of Mr. Pearson's father at Baynton House



explained to her that there were more complicated pleasures in store for her than might be expected at first glance. After running down over the terraces and rock-garden and half-way across the lake at some thirty to forty miles an hour, the overhead carriage would strike a buffer on the cable, which would bring it to a dead stop. The trapeze and Stella would carry on with their original momentum, describing a pendulous arc, the maximum height of which he had been unable to calculate exactly. But Stella would be kept in the same relative position by centrifugal force. If she wanted to give us a real thrill she would let go at the top of the swing; otherwise she could wait till the pendulum motion ceased and then drop into the water at her own convenience. At the same time he warned her that the overhead cable might break. That was why he wanted it tested.

'Great scott! But what about the rock-garden?' Surely her host could not be intending to treat her as expendable as bacon and eggs and coffee percolators? My father was always intensely, remorselessly logical. He explained that the wire could not possibly break over dry land owing to the mathematical properties of a parabola. The strain on the wire would be at least 100 per cent. less along the downward curve. Since he had arranged for a reasonable safety margin over the horizontal water section, her chances of falling anywhere earlier on the run were nil.

I take off my hat to Stella in retrospect, for trusting herself to a parabola. She tested it magnificently. At the most dramatic possible moment, just as the overhead carriage struck the sudden-dead-stop buffer, something parted with a lightning snap, and overhead cable, trapeze, Stella and all fell—into water, of course. There had been nothing wrong with my father's calculations, but a flaw was afterwards discovered in the metallurgy of one of the pulley-blocks attached to the oak tree. My father was furious with the makers and wrote them a fierce letter. Thereafter the blocks were reinforced with duplicates. I think we were all a trifle thoughtful afterwards—except my father, whose logic never failed him. 'What's all the fuss? It couldn't possibly have happened any earlier on the parabola. I tell you the safety margin there is at least 100 per cent. greater. It's perfectly safe now, anyway'.

The notion of the aunt-frightening island was conceived in two halves, which later became fused into one. We had a bit of nearly all landscape features at Baynton: woods, hills, stream, swamp, cane jungle, waterfall, and so on, as well as the usual lawns, lake, and shrubberies. But we had no island and we felt incomplete without one. I think perhaps in this case it was Peter or myself who felt the deficiency first, but it was my father in whose mind the idea actually grew. When Peter and I were back at school for the winter term he had the lake emptied by opening a deep sluice at its outlet end, and with faithful assistance of chauffeur and gardeners flung himself into concrete mixing and the manipulation of Bath stone. Soon a miniature island about fifteen feet in diameter began to rise from the mud close to the western shore.

Then, during the Christmas holidays, the aunt-frightening motif suggested itself. Not a question of marooning aunts upon it, or anything obvious like that: we just wanted to puzzle them a little and reassure them afterwards—Aunt Adeline Whittall in particular. I could not possibly attempt a synopsis of that rich, rare, enthusiastic character here. It must be enough to say that she was eminently suitable for the kind of specialised frightening that follows.

The idea would be for Peter and me to dive into the lake in turn and not reappear on the surface. Then Aunt Adeline would flutter up and down the bank in her long black skirts, calling out in the peculiar continental accent she inherited from her French mother and Greek nurse: 'Ech! My Deeeer! They have disapppeeeerred! They are drown-ing!' In reality we would have made our way under water to a secret opening in the island-to-be, and passed through it to a hollow cavity above water level, where we would be able to breathe again

and lie unseen. My father was used to turning fantasy into reality. He left the secret opening, tunnel, and hollow underground interior, while building up the island's miniature cliffs. When the next summer holidays came round, all was ready to frighten aunts.

It took quite a bit of rehearsing. For myself, I remember hesitating a long while before finally plunging down into the cold, grey depths and entering that narrow, concrete, water-filled passage way. But it was fun lying in the hollow subterranean chamber in the centre of the island, breathing freely once again and imagining the effect upon aunts outside. Actually, as far as Aunt Adeline was concerned it was a complete flop. She proved far too short-sighted to distinguish what was going on in the water, or, saddest of all, to notice our disappearance. But my father found the illusion satisfactory.

Alas! The aunt-frightening island marked the highwater mark of his elusive genius. Thereafter the tide turned and ran out against him. We grew up shortly afterwards, you see. By the time the next summer holidays came round and the next major project was on his drawing-board, Peter and I had girl friends who aroused in us protective instincts, the very opposite of aunt-frightening ones. Long ago the mouse-circuits-house had ceased to amuse us and it had been relegated to a pile of out-lived gadgetry in a corner of his workshop. Now the wasp-electrocuting machine and sudden-stop-dead-trapeze followed suit. Only the many pulley blocks still hung festooned from the branches of the oak tree as sad memorials to a childhood that was gone for ever.

The wound-up spring-board came too late. The old spring-board on the lake was beginning to look tired and despondent like the pulleys on the oak tree. He decided to pep it up in an unprecedented fashion. I imagine that his usual remorseless logic followed some such line as this: 'What are spring-boards for but to project people into the air vertically so as to enable them to perform gyratory evolutions there before entering the water? Leta, Peter, and Ronnie are bad jumpers and cannot therefore reach sufficient altitude to perform these things satisfactorily. What they need is a power-assisted take-off'. So a pair of mighty coil springs appeared and were placed in position beneath the end of the spring-board. There they were compressed by a hand-winding mechanism from the shore. At last nothing remained but for someone to stand at the end of those mighty compressed springs and wait to be shot skywards.

Alas! Peter's and my thoughts were elsewhere, and for a long while thereafter my father's workshop was silent; his many lathes, drills, circular saws and gear-cutting machines as still as the grave, while he brooded in his study. Above the 'bumps' of genius the hair was purer white, but below them there still frowned eyes that did not know how to grow older. When finally he could resist the call of his lathes no longer, it was to construct such sadly utilitarian things as electric lawn rollers, or disposers of used razor-blades.

—From a talk in the Third Programme



Machinery for the 'aerial-breakfast-tray'

From 'Baynton House', by R. H. Pearson (Putnam)



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Dangers of 'a Practical Education'

Sir,—Mr. Booth's talk on the dangers of 'a practical education' (THE LISTENER, April 4) was as high minded as it was high spirited and shed much light upon American education. But Mr. Booth, rightly for all I know, was so anxious to castigate his fellow-countrymen that he did not give much thought to us and left the peculiar problems of English higher education just precisely where they were.

In the talk on the future of the humanities which Mr. Booth was supposed to be attacking, the question that I asked was what, if anything, we humanists are going to do about the education of the increasing majority of our ablest young people who, as things now go in the sixth forms and in the universities, make no acquaintance worth mentioning with our subjects. I argued that these subjects, as we present them now, were themselves designed for specialists; that unless we will recast them for the sake of this new class of student the gulf between the two kinds of education will never be filled in; that that would be disastrous because young scientists really do need at least something of a humanistic education; and that it would be silly to fold our hands and to resign ourselves to the disaster because, while continuing to offer a specialised education in the arts to those who want it, we can very well reconstruct our studies so as to make them accessible, as in their present form they cannot be, to the scientists of the future.

I went on to make a few suggestions as to how this could in principle be done. In history, for example, we should abandon the time-hallowed points of departure in the remote past and be prepared to go no further back in any field than is unmistakably required to elucidate the trends of the present. Had I had time, I would have sketched some practical steps by which these principles might be realised. I believe, for instance, that a lot can be done by extending the two-subject honour school so as to make it possible to combine, say, engineering and economics, or electronics and psychology. Such courses would not replace our present scientific and humanistic degrees, but would supplement them in a way which a certain class of student undoubtedly requires. Only, I believe, by a great deal of such overlapping can we build effective bridges between our various fields of study.

Out of this simple argument Mr. Booth extracted, by a logical alchemy which it is beyond my wit to follow, a string of horrifying conclusions about my aims, intelligence, and motives. I am, it seems, 'indifferent to the quality of life led by the person educated'. I 'totally overlook such matters as happiness and the good life'. I fail to seek the 'essential justice or wholeness of the soul'. I am classed with those who sponsor 'janitorial and mortuary science'. It is implied that I think that the sciences are more important than other branches of study and that I am unable to see that my proposals are inherently incapable of producing graduates who can act and think for themselves.

These are curious strictures on an argument whose whole and obvious point was to urge people to do whatever in practice must be done to bring humanistic education within the reach of those students who will otherwise go without it altogether. I am at a loss to know how Mr.

Booth arrived at his conclusions and therefore how I can set his mind at rest. Perhaps he was nettled into fantasy, like some earlier correspondents, by the small ironies which I permitted myself about literary education. If so, I am sorry and would explain that I was thinking of priorities. While scientists may not, as a class, be much inclined to literature, it seems to me that they are just as cultivated as any other set of people, but happen to go in for different things. What they do seem to me to lack is a certain judgement as to the complexity and the peculiarity of the social process. They are notoriously given to utopian thinking. It was for that reason that in my suggestions about curriculum I laid great stress upon those branches of the humanities which give an insight into public affairs and implied that literature, for this purpose, could be left to look after itself. Time, after all, is very limited, however lofty our intentions.

Does Mr. Booth object to my case, when put like this? If so, what would he do for the young people whom I have in mind? And while he is at it, could he explain in simple language what bearing the 'essential justice or wholeness of the soul' may have upon the questions of curriculum which we are supposed to be discussing?

Yours, etc.,  
J. P. CORBETT

Oxford

## Prospect: School Buildings

Sir,—Mr. Goodall and Mr. Mackay are quite right in insisting on the importance of such things as the design of school furniture, the location of lavatories, and the control of temperature, glare, and noise-level in formal teaching areas. But they are quite wrong in suggesting that these things should be decided unilaterally either by the schoolmaster or the architect.

The Ministry of Education has led the way by insisting that the design of a school must be a combined operation. The Education Officer, the headmaster, and the architect must work as a team. In most counties it is customary for the results of their efforts to be checked at a meeting on the spot, six months after the school is opened, at which the criticisms and suggestions of the staff are collected for the benefit of subsequent schools. There is no doubt that the tremendous progress made in British school design has been largely due to the success of this collaborative effort.

If your correspondents would care to see how this works out in practice, I should be happy to arrange for them to visit some recently completed schools and hear the views of those who work in them.

Yours, etc.,  
The Gage, WILLIAM TATTON BROWN  
Little Berkhamsted,  
Nr. Hertford

## Control of Monopoly in British Industry

Sir,—Mr. E. G. West would evidently have been very indignant with the little boy who said: 'The Emperor has no clothes'. Is he content to reiterate that competition is a Good Thing, or can he offer some practical advice to the Monopolies Commission? His only positive suggestion seems to be to abolish patents, which provides a good illustration of my point that

it is hard to root out monopoly from the system of private enterprise without damaging the system.

Yours, etc.,  
Cambridge JOAN ROBINSON

## Dilemma of the Personnel Officer

Sir,—Surely the main function of the personnel department, in its widest terms, is the planning, supervision, direction and co-ordination of those activities of the organisation which contribute towards realising the purposes of the organisation. This, of course, it tries to do with the minimum of human effort and friction and with proper regard to the genuine well-being of all members of the organisation.

In this respect Mr. D. J. Lewis' suggestion (THE LISTENER, April 4), that a new title be chosen for the personnel manager, 'not primarily because the word personnel sounds 'detestable', but because he does not manage personnel, is indeed most appropriate. This, in fact, has actually been done in at least one refinery abroad. The 'personnel' manager has become the 'staff and industrial relations manager. His duties, more or less, coincide with that of any personnel officer in a similar organisation. Thus the staff and industrial relations department acts in an executive, advisory, and consultative capacity for the organisation as a whole and is classed as a staff department. The test of its success is the same as that of all staff work, i.e. its demonstrated or demonstrable ability to achieve a more effective application of labour to production.

Yours, etc.,  
London, S.W.1 J. M. PURI

## Constantin Brancusi

Sir,—An American reviewer recently accused me of having no sense of time; and certainly, as Professor Cooper points out in his letter (THE LISTENER, April 11), I have no responsible attitude to dates. I take them from the handiest reference book, and these, alas, are often deceiving. Even when the given dates are correct, they have a habit, in my experience, of turning somersaults between my pen and the printed page. I look on their antics with amused contempt. Does it really matter if, in the stream we call time, they land on their feet? They will eventually reach a sea where all dates are lost in the timeless depths.

There are only two dates I could ever remember with certitude: 1066 and the date of my birth. As for when Brancusi reached Paris, met Modigliani, saw for the first time a piece of African sculpture, who knows—except Professor Cooper? I have been informed that Brancusi took a long time to travel from Rumania to Paris—perhaps he made a detour to the Congo, and there saw an idol in the jungle. The image lay in his brain, latent but germinating; lay there many years while Picasso was up to his impulsive tricks and then, seven years later (Professor Cooper's estimate) was born as a piece of sculpture. What I mean to imply, by this frivolous letter, is that one sense of time exists in the minds of art historians, and quite another sense, which has no sense at all, in the minds of artists. Who knows the date of the *Odyssey*, or what song the Sirens sang; and who cares? My fault,



which I openly admit, was to pretend to any knowledge at all: I ought to have given my references. In future I shall quote Professor Cooper, or preferably remain irresponsibly vague.—Yours, etc.,  
Stonegrave  
HERBERT READ

## Style and Vision

Sir,—If Mr. Semmence is one of a group that wants to keep the 'isms' 'out of our mind' it was hardly sensible of him to listen to a series of talks that was mainly concerned with them. My object was neither to 'sum up the mysteries of great paintings' nor to label them good, bad, or indifferent, but to sort them out into categories and to define the terms usually applied to each category—a pedestrian task, perhaps, but, I had hoped, a useful one.

In speaking of Poussin's 'Bacchanalian Dance' (not his 'Rape of Proserpina' which, if it exists, is unknown to me) I certainly said, unprompted by Ruskin, 'how stiff, how manufactured is its exuberance compared with that of Rubens'. That is not to abuse Poussin but to describe him. Stiffness is not a weakness and it is the habit of Classic artists to 'manufacture'—i.e., to design and execute with deliberation. I could equally well have said 'how loose, how undisciplined is Rubens compared with Poussin'. I cannot agree that to compare a French with a Flemish painter 'leads us nowhere'. On the contrary, it may lead to a better understanding of both.

I am sorry that Miss Gardner thinks I 'degrade' art when I compare the market price of a Cartier Bresson with that of a Cézanne. Market prices are a useful index of the sacrifice that art lovers are prepared to make in order to possess a work of art. The market prices of postage stamps are an equally useful index of desirability for stamp lovers. In her attempt to prove me a gross materialist Miss Gardner has lost sight of the question at issue, which was: Has not the photographer the same potentialities as the painter since both use tools and both use them to express their vision? My own answer to that question is only a personal opinion whereas a market price, far from de-

grading, provides a rough summing up of a large body of more or less expert judgement.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ERIC NEWTON

## The Most Cultured of All Romans

Sir,—I wouldn't give more than a *Beta minus* mark to Nero's line: '*Colla Cytheriacae splendent agitata columbae*: The necks of the Cytheraeon dove gleam when in motion'. No dove has more than one neck, and doves' necks gleam, whether in motion or not, when the sun shines on them. If this was the best that Seneca (*Q.N.* 1.5.6) could find to quote of Nero's, the rest cannot have been too good.—Yours, etc.,

Mallorca

ROBERT GRAVES

## 'Prometheus Bound'

Sir,—Mr. Roy Walker is of course entitled thoroughly to have disliked my production of 'Prometheus Bound'. I think I am equally entitled not to take particularly seriously a critic who lays it down that the 'Prometheus' of Aeschylus 'cries out for almost operatic treatment, Wagner at that'.

It is difficult to imagine who must be turning more violently in his grave at such a suggestion, Aeschylus or Wagner. There is, I submit, a great gulf fixed between Hellas and Bayreuth.

Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1

VAL GIELGUD

## Third Programme Listening Panel

Sir,—In the autumn of 1954 the B.B.C. decided to set up, as an experiment, a Third Programme Listening Panel through which listeners' views upon Third Programme broadcasts could be systematically assessed. Members of the panel were to be supplied, week by week, with questionnaires relating to forthcoming broadcasts. No special listening was required of them, but they were asked to complete the questionnaires of broadcasts which they happened to listen to in the ordinary course.

An appeal for the co-operation of Third Programme listeners brought abundant help; the panel was organised and, thanks to the co-operation of listeners, it soon graduated from an

experiment to an accepted piece of audience research machinery. For the past two years it has been providing a unique service of information to those responsible for the Third Programme's direction.

There are likely, in the near future, to be some vacancies in the panel's ranks, as existing members retire, and the B.B.C. would like to hear from Third Programme listeners who would be willing to serve upon it. Those interested need do no more than send their name and address on a postcard marked 'Third Programme Panel', to me at Broadcasting House, London, W.1. This will bring fuller information.

Should the response be greater than is necessary, preference will, as far as possible, be given to listeners who are offering their services a second time.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C.,

R. J. E. SILVEY

London, W.1 Head of Audience Research

## 'G. K. Chesterton: An Anthology'

Sir,—Your discerning review in THE LISTENER of April 11 of *G. K. Chesterton: An Anthology* ends with a reference to 'G. K. C.'s only' (sic) 'play, "Magic"'. There was also, of course, 'The Judgement of Dr. Johnson' (1927) which, like 'Magic', had a run on the London stage with a distinguished cast. Both of these plays are overdue for revival: modern playgoers cannot consist wholly of Angry Young Men Waiting for Godot.

Bernard Shaw went to a great deal of trouble to cajole G. K. C. into writing more plays, but without success. A projected dramatised version of *The Flying Inn* for which G. K. C. wrote some extra songs came to nothing, but a third play, 'The Surprise', was found among his papers and published as recently as 1952.

Yours, etc.,

Sale

J. J. SULLIVAN

The book *Sculpture in Europe Today*, from which the picture was taken to illustrate the article on Constantin Brancusi in THE LISTENER of April 4, is published in this country by Cambridge University Press, acting as agents of University of California Press.

# South of Sahara—V

(continued from page 623)

that Africans will lose economically where they gain politically, but their political desires are far stronger than their economic impulses. I could say that African nationalism is blind to economics; or more truthfully I could quote Nkrumah's remark: 'Seek ye first the political kingdom, and all things shall be added to you'.

I have been speaking so far of African nationalism. Is Africa a nation; will the gradual recession of European power leave a united continent behind it? I do not think so. Indeed I hope not. To unite Africa now there would have to be a common enemy; that enemy in present circumstances could only be the white man, and I trust we shall never commit the folly of uniting Africans against us.

As it is, the movements towards independence and self-government in each territory of Africa are intensely local. Indeed, the danger at first is that the units built up by the colonial Powers will disintegrate once the white man's government has gone. It certainly remains a danger in Ghana that Ashanti will split away from the rest, and in Nigeria it is always possible that the three regions will dissolve the federation and go their own ways.

Yet in dealing with the outside world the new

African states as they emerge in the next two decades will inevitably draw together for common action. They will try to present to the world what Dr. Nkrumah calls 'the African personality'. What sort of a personality will that be? As yet, our eyes and minds find it difficult to interpret a face unless it resembles our own—and already I find that many educated Africans are ceasing to wish to look, behave, and dress like Europeans, and are beginning to take pride in their native—once a term of abuse—customs. 'White tie or national dress' said the invitations to a state ball in Ghana, and how I envied the Africans in their comfortable, colourful Kente cloths, and how proud they were of them, even though some were clearly more used to an English business suit!

Yet though Africans in their new-found nationalism are asserting their own distinctive personality, though they are demanding control of their own affairs in politics, they are not, and Africa need not be, anti-white, and certainly not anti-British. At present those nations close to independence, and Ghana which has crossed the divide, look first to us in Britain for help in their difficulties, economic, political, and strategic. It seems to me of the highest possible importance

that we should provide that help as best we can, both in capital for development, technical skill in engineering, and political experience in managing both domestic and foreign affairs. Yet I wonder whether our present political arrangements here at home are quite suited to the problems of these new nations coming to self-government with such slender resources. The Colonial Office is felt, in West Africa at any rate, to be too paternal, but one might ask whether the Commonwealth Relations Office is not somewhat too coolly fraternal? What is needed is a more avuncular body which will give discreet help where necessary without making any political demands in return.

Certainly I feel, as I see this new Africa emerging, that nothing should claim our attention more urgently than the problem of how we can help it to step forth into the world as our friend, and as a symbol of success in our imperial mission which is to create new independent nations, whether primarily African or multi-racial, standing on their own feet. If we can do this, if we can keep the friendship of emergent Africa, then we may indeed bring a new world into existence to redress the sorely upset balance of the old.—Home Service





## Abroad view

If you are looking for further development of your export business our Overseas Branch can be of inestimable service. It is in touch with correspondents in every market and, because it handles a vast overseas business, there is scarcely an export problem for which its specialist staff cannot find an answer from their hard-won experience. Our staff are encouraged to give personal service to every customer and the manager of our nearest branch is always ready to deal with your enquiries, whether they may be connected with overseas business or with the many other facilities we can offer.

## National Provincial

*for friendly service*

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2  
Principal Overseas Branch: 1 Princes Street, London, E.C.2  
Agents and Correspondents throughout the world

Ginger ale  
or Soda?



Mr Brandyman makes a  
luxurious long drink with either...

More and more people are finding a new and very special pleasure in Brandy as a long drink. At the smartest parties, in the most hospitable homes, Mr. Brandyman introduces just the right note.

Make friends with  
**MARTELL**



## Onward Christian Soldier

WILLIAM PURCELL

The subject of this biography is the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, the last of the great 'Squarsons.'

'Seems always accurate. He (the author) writes with good sense and humour; his style is correct and agreeable. I recommend his book to everyone interested in the Church of England, the Victorian Age or singularity of character.'

RAYMOND MORTIMER *Sunday Times*  
'... he writes with great tenderness and insight, being himself blessed, as every good biographer must be, with a cherishing eye for a character.'

*Manchester Guardian*. 21s. net

## FRANCIS KING The Widow

*Book Society Recommendation*

'The characterisation is excellent—there are many brilliant minor portraits—and the tone of the whole book is beautifully maintained: Mr. King seems unable to write badly.'

JOHN DAVENPORT (*Observer*)

'In each succeeding book he has broadened, grown wiser. *The Widow* is the best thing he has yet done... There is something Forsterian about him, a mingling of elegance and compassion....'

JOHN METCALF (*Sunday Times*)

'a novel which I can commend without reservation. It is a mature, sincere and deeply satisfying work... It is lit with a sweet and quiet humour; it breathes wisdom and courage and a belief in human goodness.'

JOHN CONNELL (*Evening News*)

16s. net

## Parliament in India

W. H. MORRIS-JONES

This is the first full-scale study of a modern Indian political institution. It is both a general survey of the way in which the institutions of parliamentary democracy are taking root in Indian soil, and a detailed study of the political and technical organisation so far achieved, with special attention devoted to features which are distinctively Indian.

'This book is a work of outstanding scholarship, quickened by experience of men and affairs, sympathetic insight into human nature, apt anecdote and dry wit... This book is, what its publishers claim it to be, a major contribution to the literature on modern India as well as to the study of political processes. It is also extremely readable.'

*The Economist* 35s. net

## The Development of the Treasury, 1660-1702

STEPHEN B. BAXTER

Dr. Baxter considers the development of the Treasury in its relations with King and Council, and in its working with other departments of State and the revenue boards. The author suggests that the system reached maturity in 1676, and that its weaknesses were reflections of the general weakness of the government.

This is, in fact, the story of the beginning of the most important of British government departments, and of its emergence as a recognisable unit of modern administration.

*Ready June 3*. 45s. net

## George Berkeley and the Proofs for the Existence of God

EDWARD A. SILLEM

At the present time there is a greatly increased interest in Berkeley's work, and this study is the first serious study of the theological aspect of his writings for a considerable time. 'Mr. Sillem has earned our gratitude for the sustained excellence of his analysis.'

BISHOP WAND *Sunday Times* 21s. net

LONGMANS



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Fateful Years. By Hugh Dalton. Muller. 30s.

THOSE WHO, having read the spicily headlined extracts which appeared in an evening newspaper, turn to the second volume of Dr. Dalton's memoirs in the hope of a feast of scandal will be disappointed. In the main, it is a straightforward account of his political life and experience from after the General Election of 1931 to that of 1945, leaving over his experience of office in the Labour Government and in Parliament thereafter.

Perhaps the most notable revelation is Dr. Dalton's frequent and denigrating reference to Stafford Cripps, whom he seems to have disliked more bitterly than any other of his political collaborators. It is true that on one page Dr. Dalton does mention that from 1945 to 1950 he worked in harmony with Cripps. But that period falls outside his book, and in passage after passage here he makes violent criticism of Cripps as a 'dangerous political lunatic', someone whom he may find it his duty to keep out of influential position, and the like. These particular animadversions refer to Cripps' activities in the Socialist League, but the remarks about Cripps in war-time are only slightly less hostile; they can hardly have been a happy pair of colleagues. Cripps is not the only Labour leader to come in for criticism; of Attlee it is said in 1935, 'a little mouse shall lead them', and there are other frank descriptions of persons whom Dr. Dalton does not like, as well as some generous references to those he does.

It is, of course, a personal narrative, and the choice of subjects, therefore, is conditioned by Dr. Dalton's own predilections. The result is interesting. Apart from a lively concern with the ins and outs of politics, which appears in the passages dealing with Morrison, Bevin, Laski, and the party leadership, the feeling which first appears is a prompt and abiding hatred of Nazi Germany and all its works; this leads to strong criticism of the pacifist wing of the Labour Party and to a longish account (not differing much from that given by Namier and Wheeler-Bennett) of the appeasement years and the behaviour of Bonnet and Chamberlain. It may also account for his desire, in the early months of the war, to drop incendiary bombs on the Black Forest, where it was known that military plant was concealed, and for his strong opposition to the Hoover 'relief agitation', which before the entry of America into the war asked that blockades should be raised in the interests of supposedly starving German civilians. He condemns forthright the foolish agitation to send British troops to participate in the Finnish war, but is curiously cool about the earlier intervention of the Germans in Spain. He does not seem to have liked the Spanish Republicans; and Guernica finds no mention in the index.

His second concern is with the unhappy victims of unemployment in the districts known successively as Depressed Areas, Special Areas, and Development Areas. The change in public estimation shown between the first and third of these appellations is due in no small degree to the efforts of Dr. Dalton himself—and that not only because he represented for so many years the division of Bishop Auckland in County Durham. Few passages in his book ring more sincerely than the account of the Labour Party's 1936 Commission on the Distressed Areas, of which he was Chairman, and of his later fight, as President of the Board of Trade, to bring back industry to the Clyde, the Tyne, and South

Wales. In this cause, he was prepared, at the end of 1944, to stake his political life on the Distribution of Industry Bill; and upon a threat of resignation he carried it, though at the price of Clause 9, which would have enabled areas like London to prevent unwanted industrial concerns establishing themselves therein.

The third item, in this volume curiously understressed, though everyone who has known Dr. Dalton appreciates it very well, is his continuing concern with the youth, particularly the intellectual youth, of his party. Too many of the national leaders have been unhappy in their dealings with the young; they have been too inclined to regard them as nuisances; but none of Transport House's trouble with successive youth organisations can be laid at Dr. Dalton's door; this son of a Bishop and ex-page to Queen Victoria has always known how to talk to the young and to win their confidence—no mean achievement.

Last comes his loyalty to the Labour Party and its organisation, which goes right through the book. As the periodical *Labour* (quoted here) wrote, 'Hugh Dalton has always praised and practised teamwork. This is in part due to a general temperamental preference for teaming, which shows itself in reverse in a ferocious distaste for self-conscious freelances and eccentrics whose self-satisfaction varies in proportion to the distance they can get from centre opinion. In part it is just his perception that without teamwork no Party or Government is anything more than an insufficient scramble of competing personalities'. This passion for party teamwork is evident—not that it ever turned into idolatry of the machine. He could be critical of its working, and as party chairman he was instrumental in pushing through the constitutional amendment that gave more power and representation to local party organisations. But his real love of it comes out in his closing paragraphs, where he ends the account of his 1945 election and of the first session of the new House with Carpenter's words, 'England is risen and the day is here'. As the book stops there, we do not hear more of 'the day', or of Dalton's part in it.

## 100 Hours to Suez

By Robert Henriques. Collins. 16s.

In this very readable book Colonel Henriques describes the lightning campaign undertaken by Israel for the protection of her citizens against the incursions of the 'Fedayin', an organised body of raiders whose name has a sinister association with the *Fiddis*, or 'self-devoted ones', the hashish-drugged followers of the Old Man of the Mountain who gave the word 'assassin' to the languages of Europe. Himself a soldier with a distinguished record in commando warfare, the author writes with the professional's knowledge of military matters, and the skilled hand of the writer is seen in the lucidity of the narrative which makes it easy even for the unmilitary mind to follow the course of the operations. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the campaign the story is not one of easy victory against negligible opposition. If the Egyptians were incompetently led and lacking in the spirit of resistance, the problems of mobilisation and of movement in difficult country were quite formidable, and the Israeli command showed not only professional skill (largely acquired through British training) but great ability to improvise and to adapt strategic planning to the unexpected circumstances of the moment. There is a grim story of the

*sauve-qui-peut* of the Egyptian garrison at Um Sheham who did not wait to fight it out when the Israelis approached. 'Israel's air reconnaissance saw the terrible spectacle of these men, crazy with thirst and falling from exhaustion, dying in the desert—with the Bedouin falling upon them and cutting their throats for the sake of their clothing. There was nothing that Israel could do to save them'. More than two thousand Egyptians may have perished in this way—*quidquid delirant reges*. . .

On the much debated question of 'collusion' the writer takes the view that neither the planning of the campaign nor the course of the operations is consistent with the theory of an understanding between the Israeli and the Anglo-French commands. 'A few whispered words between three statesmen', he writes, 'would, I suppose, have constituted "collusion"'. Personally I am convinced that the whispering did not in fact take place. But I cannot prove it. Nobody could'.

Colonel Henriques writes as an English Jew who is not a Zionist, and he leaves the reader in no doubt of his sympathy with a cause which he was anxious to serve in the field, though his offer was not accepted. His story rings true and, as far as is known, there is no evidence from the Egyptian side against which it might be checked.

## Sexual Offences: a Report of the Cambridge Department of Criminal Science. Macmillan. 63s.

This is an important book on a topic that is more often the subject of wild surmise than of scientific research. The Department of Criminal Science in the University of Cambridge undertook in 1950 the examination of the records of 2,178 persons alleged to have been involved in indictable sexual offences and 914 offenders against whom proceedings were brought for non-indictable sex offences, making a total of 3,092, representing some 30 per cent. of all indictable sexual offences recorded for the year 1947, when the offences dealt with were committed. The cases were taken from fourteen areas, which include Bristol, Manchester, Durham, Cardiff, Surrey, and Inner and Greater London. The material is subjected to elaborate statistical analysis, impeccably presented, though occasionally mystifying, as when we are told that of 482 men accused of gross indecency 'as many as 454 were taken in *flagrante delicto*', and yet only 178 offences were 'witnessed by police and park-keepers'; again, in one table 71 adults convicted of importuning were sent to gaol, while in another 75 seem to have been dealt with in this way. It must be admitted that statistical tables do not make lively reading, and yet there is a kind of aesthetic quality about a series of them, the procession of the same totals dissolving into different percentages. Anyway, without statistical tables all talk about sexual offences is mere journalism.

We start off with our 2,178 indictables. Of these 609 were 'undetected' and 793 not tried. This reduces us, when we add the non-indictables, to 1,985 persons, divided about equally between heterosexual and homosexual offences. The victims were estimated at 1,994, and what is bound to shake us is the fact that 82 per cent. of these were under 16, while one in four of all the victims was under 8 years old. Most of the offences were relatively minor ones, and it is worthy of note that a Swedish contributor observes that 'not infrequently, the mental in-



**ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS**  
**MUSEE D'ART MODERNE, PARIS**  
 an exhibition of 160 paintings  
 R.B.A. Gallery, Suffolk St., S.W.1.  
 Until 15 May  
 Open Sundays 2-6 Admission 2/6

**PAINTINGS FROM THE**  
**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM**  
**MUSEUM, NEW YORK**  
 Tate Gallery  
 Until 26 May  
 Open Sundays 2-6 Admission 1/6

**INGRES DRAWINGS**  
 from the Musée Ingres, Montauban  
**PICASSO**  
 an exhibition of recent ceramics  
 Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1.  
 Until 18 May  
 Closed Sundays  
 Admission 1/- (to both exhibitions)  
 Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6.  
 Tues. & Thurs. 10-8  
 All exhibitions closed Good Friday

## Historic Houses and Famous Gardens

The National Trust, which is independent of the State, now preserves for the benefit of the nation nearly a quarter of a million acres in England, Wales and Northern Ireland, over 120 historic houses and many fine gardens.

Leaflets giving details of the opening times, admission charges and whereabouts etc., are available for the majority of properties.

Members (minimum subscription £1 p.a.) are admitted free to all properties at which a charge is made to non-members and receive the Trust literature free.

The National Trust, 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

## MARIAN ANDERSON'S

autobiography

*My Lord,*

*What a Morning*

'She tells with simplicity and lack of any affectation the story of her musical life; absorbing.' ELISABETH WELCH, NEWS CHRONICLE

'Marian Anderson, the great coloured singer, has written a most rewarding book.' B.B.C.

Illustrated 21/- net.

## ARTHUR MILLER'S

controversial play

*A View*

*From the Bridge*

'Among the finest plays seen in London for many years... a masterpiece.' HAROLD HOBSON

'The text reaffirms that Arthur Miller is one of the strongest dramatists writing today.' OXFORD MAIL

10/6 net.

THE CRESSET PRESS

# Evelyn Waugh

SAYS  
 to FRANCES DONALDSON  
 about  
**Freddy Lonsdale**

"I have read your biography with delight and congratulate you with all my heart. Perhaps it is not entirely tactful to say that I am also greatly surprised—surprised that your father had such a fascinating life and that you have the professional skill to handle the material in such a masterly way... I don't see how it could be better done. Where you excel is in the most delicate and complex task—of giving a frank and lively and delicate portrait."

HEINEMANN : 2ls.

## CANCER—

what are you doing about it?



*In the British Isles alone Cancer claims about 100,000 new victims each year. Of these some 48,000 are men.*

For centuries, Cancer has been the mysterious enemy of mankind. Cancer has killed millions, bereaved millions. Only now, in our time, is real progress against this dread disease being made. Many who would once have died are living examples of this progress.

They owe their lives not only to the skill of surgeons and scientists but also to people—ordinary people—who give the pennies, the shillings and the pounds without which full-scale Cancer research could not take place.

This research costs money—a lot of money. And it will go on costing a lot of money until the cause and prevention of Cancer have been discovered.

Will you help to try to save lives and suffering by giving a donation, however small, to the British Empire Cancer Campaign, whose function it is to finance Cancer research. We ask for legacies; and for cheques, notes, postal orders, stamps. Please address to SIR CHARLES LIDBURY, Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign, (Dept. LS.A) 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, SW1., or give to your Local Committee.

**BRITISH EMPIRE  
 CANCER CAMPAIGN**

Patron: Her Majesty The Queen President: H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester

## DENT

### Snowdon Biography

G. Winthrop Young, Geoffrey Sutton and Wilfrid Noyce

Three distinguished mountaineers collaborate in this full-length 'mountain biography' of Snowdon, the training ground of all British mountaineering. Edited by Wilfrid Noyce. 25 photographs, and map 25s.

### Shakespeare Today

By Margaret Webster

"humorous theatre-expert, with a scholar's equipment." Emyln Williams  
 "Admirable book; sensible and sensitive." Sir John Gielgud  
 "So lively and entertaining." Dame Edith Evans 18s.

### Dante Gabriel Rossetti Poems

Presenting the best part of the entire corpus of Rossetti's original work, in the opinion of the editor, Prof. Oswald Doughty, M.A., whose published studies of Rossetti include his recent biography, *A Victorian Romantic*. 30s.

### British Trees

Miles Hadfield

Over 100 species and varieties of trees, native or from abroad, are fully dealt with. The 150 full-page diagrammatic drawings show all details; the text covers habitat, history, cultivation, uses, nomenclature. Glossary, bibliography, index. 30s.

### Cathedral and Crusade

H. Daniel-Rops  
 de l'Académie Française

This study of the medieval church, 1050-1350, the most important volume in Daniel-Rops's great *Histoire de l'Eglise du Christ*, reveals the unity and universality of the Catholic Church, and the richness of the medieval achievement. 656 pages. 8 maps in text. 43s.

### The Daughters of Mrs Peacock

Gerald Bullett's novel

"Evocation of an England of eighty years ago. A measure of Mr Bullett's brilliance is that he packs a three-decker from Mudie's into what the trade calls 256 pages." *The Observer*. 15s.

### New Revised Edition of Legouis and Cazamian's History of English Literature

The important revisions to this renowned, standard work are in the bibliographies throughout, which now include details of the most valuable works to date on each author and period. 1,456 pages. 25s.

## DENT



ury inflicted on minors as a result of such offences is remarkably light'. At the same time it is clear that the young must be protected, though whether the age of consent of both sexes should be raised or lowered is a matter that ought not to be decided without taking evidence of the risks that are run. The 1,985 dealt with were analysed for age, sex, occupation, and past offences. 1,325 of them had no previous convictions of any kind, though of course some of them may have been lucky; 344 had committed previous sexual offences, and of these 117 (a relatively small number) had been guilty of non-sexual offences as well. It looks as though the general anti-social offender, whose sexual offences might be regarded as part of his general lawlessness, is in a minority.

The 1,985 were treated in different ways—many of them were fined, 16 per cent, put on probation, and one in every four was sent to prison. During the four-year follow-up study after 1947, 84 per cent. had avoided further conviction, but there was a small group of persistent offenders who had been convicted before 1947 and reconvicted after, and who present the real problem for penology. Most of the indecent conduct between consenting adult males was performed in public places and was dealt with under local by-laws. Only two cases in the sample concerned consenting male adults in private houses. The authors of the report give a valuable survey of the law on sexual offences, and of suggested reforms. They mention the view that the law should be changed with regard to homosexual offences between consenting adults in private. It is clear that they do not wish us to infer that this issue should be treated lightly because of the fact that few cases are actually brought against such offenders.

The information presented in this report covers a very wide field, and yet more might have been given us. It would have been interesting to know something about the different incidence of sexual prosecution in the different areas investigated. Finally—a major delinquency—there is no index.

# Rainer Maria Rilke: Creative Anguish of a Modern Poet. By W. L. Graff. Oxford, for Princeton. 48s.

Fischbein's portrait of Goethe in the Campagna rapidly acquiring a companion piece—Rilke in the psycho-analyst's couch, eviscerated and framed in three hundred pages. He must be an irresistible subject to those late discoverers of the child as father to the man. His mother was a vulgar nonentity who dressed him as a girl until his fifth year and encouraged him to play with dolls. She had prayed for a girl, so his sex must be a divine oversight which she would rectify as far as lay within her power. This minous perversion of religion and sex was his preparation for four years at a military academy, an agony later described by him as the most dreadful period of his life. He went on to become a poet. Externally it was almost as simple as that. Professor Graff tells us he never occupied a salaried or wage-earning position. This seems to overlook his spell as secretary to Rodin, though this can scarcely have meant much to him financially. He had no inherited means, yet he was able to dedicate his life wholly to art. Perhaps the most interesting book about Rilke still remains to be written—a survey of his financial arrangements.

He was pure poet. Art was an intense expression of his existence. In art he sought his God, and for it he sacrificed human relationships and deflected his sexual urge. Anything that threatened his patient vigil before 'the curtain of his heart' was ruthlessly stifled, lest the curtain should never rise on the expected

revelation. He was, as his friend Rudolf Kassner remarked, a poet and a personality even when he only washed his hands.

The author of this book, who is emeritus Professor of Germanic Languages at McGill University, does everything except break down the bathroom door. He is relentless in pursuit of the abstruse symbol. To support his argument he throws in quotations and paraphrase with an ease that indicates overwhelming familiarity with everything Rilke ever wrote. Only in very few parts of the book is it possible to imagine a more thorough presentation of Rilke's thought. We are duly convinced that the roots of the poet's spiral growth lay in his childhood, that he was abnormal, and that he was tormented. All that is omitted is a consideration of the poet's greatness, as poet. The book's sub-title, of course, defines its limits. As a study in creative anguish it is splendidly sustained. Professor Graff's aim is 'to understand and to help understand, without succumbing blindly to the engaging imagery and music of Rilke's word'. He examines Rilke's creation as an expression of existential struggle, and the result is an interesting psychological study. But it leaves the ultimate achievement untouched. To ignore a poet's 'engaging imagery and music' is to ignore the margin by which the whole truth about the poet's life falls short of the truth about his art, that margin of physical achievement which is his spiritual justification. It seems a bit hard, when a poet has spent his life trying to transcend it, that he should be judged by his life and not by his transcendence of it in art.

## Foundations of Inductive Logic

By R. F. Harrod. Macmillan. 24s.

The biographer of the late Lord Keynes appears to have been stimulated by his researches into a deep dissatisfaction with the beliefs expressed by most writers of the last twenty years on induction. At last and at length Mr. Harrod believes he has found an answer to the problem of justifying the inductions we make and this is his reason, so he says, for having written this book. The book is exciting, for it is the opinion of one new to the field, who is not prejudiced by conventional schools but is eager to give us his own remedy. This remedy is called the 'Principle of Experience'. Stated in popular words it is: 'If we are crossing an expanse but know not what part of it we have reached, we are unlikely to be on its extreme edge: when we say that this is "unlikely" what we mean precisely is that if we always believe that we are on its extreme edge, we shall much more often be wrong than right, and conversely'.

We should be grateful to Mr. Harrod for putting his thesis so clearly. Using it he discusses inverse probability. He shows us how 'natural kinds' have arisen in our experience. Then, in a welter of philosophy, tilts at Jeffrey's views on the simplicity of natural laws and their probability and discusses truth (which he defines ostensively) and belief.

Unfortunately, there are some points which are rather basic to the book which Mr. Harrod has not realised. First, there is a difference between laws (which are generalisations from experience) and explanatory hypotheses which may describe relationships between entities of which we have had no experience. The move to explanatory levels is inductive and cannot always be based on experience. Genetics depends for its explanatory power on descriptions of the behaviour of different types of gametes and on genes, neither of which have we experienced.

Secondly, that part of our knowledge which we call science depends on believing in some statements because we have so far not falsified their consequents. We are never really concerned to know whether these statements are true. When

we test them we sometimes know enough about them to give a probability value to the events that will falsify them. For example, if when walking across the drawing-room carpet for ten paces we remember that the carpet is 9 feet by 9 feet then we can predict from our knowledge of paces that the next pace is likely to take us off the carpet. In this case we can apply a probability to an event. The probability value is built into the prediction because of our knowledge of paces, carpets, and so forth. It is meaningless to apply the concept of probability to the truth of any general statement and, as has been said, it never matters.

There is a difference which Mr. Harrod does not seem to realise in believing in things and acting on predictions from our beliefs on the one hand, and requiring to know the truth of our beliefs on the other. The latter is unnecessary in science. The 'principle of experience' may give us grounds for comfort in our beliefs, but never their truth value.

Perhaps Mr. Harrod would question what has happened in the progress of science during the last two thousand years if truth has waxed and waned as it must have done on his thesis. The theory of epicycles should have had a truth value which in Roman times was high and which sank to zero during the time of Copernicus. If truth is certainty and if science shows us certain knowledge by induction then science must vary in its certainty.

The fundamental point is that science does not worry itself with Mr. Harrod's problem. He scorns pragmatists early on in his book, but empirically we are all pragmatists. We must not ask what is true. We must only go on believing in generalisations which we have not falsified. We abbreviate our knowledge by inventing explanations from which many generalisations are derivable and gain new experiences by deriving fresh consequences which can be tested from those explanations. If we want to do this rapidly, we seek the widest, the boldest generalisation we can. We usually find that this generalisation is also the simplest and most obvious. We do this because such a generalisation will be the easiest to falsify and this event will then force us to think of a better generalisation. It is in this way that scientific knowledge progresses.

## Aldous Huxley

By John Atkins. Calder. 18s.

There is little to criticise in Mr. Atkins' study, and almost everything to commend. Huxley is a strangely ignored figure, so far as modern criticism goes: his output is far too complex to be fitted into a simple map or schema of the literary scene, and he himself is both too intelligent and too intellectual (using both words in their proper, and complimentary, senses) to recommend himself as a suitable victim for the angry critic out for a day's rough shooting. He stands aloof, neglected and yet absolutely not negligible. Yet, when all this is said, it still comes as a shock to learn that this is the first book to have appeared on Huxley since 1935.

Mr. Atkins has done his work well. He is not concerned with factual biography, except in the most incidental way, but practically confines his attention to the writings themselves, facing the development of the central Huxleyan themes from their first tentative germinations in the early poems and stories to their full flowerings in the work of the author's maturity. The result is a set of essays on such matters as 'The Human Orgy-Porgy', 'Non-Attachment', 'The Divine Ground', that are each capable of standing up as short studies in their own rights, but, when viewed as a whole, add up to a spiritual history—the intellectual biography that is perhaps as important to a creative writer as his material



one or, where (as in Huxley's case) the external life has been comparatively tame and uneventful, even more so.

Mr. Atkins certainly succeeds in what must always be the aim of the true critic (as opposed to the false critic who promotes a projection

of his own persona under the guise of promoting that of his author): he stimulates his reader to go back to the text, to read again what he has forgotten, to read for the first time what he has hitherto missed. He is particularly successful in arousing interest in the poems: how well they

still read, even though the majority of them first saw the light a quarter of a century ago! Yet, where the names of modern poets are bandied about, Huxley's is not even a whisper among them: posterity may not take a very charitable view of our failure in judgement.

## New Novels

*Seize the Day.* By Saul Bellow. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 10s. 6d.

*The Day the Money Stopped.* By Brendan Gill. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

*The Unromantics.* By William Rogers. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

*Shadow of the Moon.* By M. M. Kaye. Longmans. 18s.

SAUL BELLOW'S short novel, *Seize the Day*, confirms impressively the claims made, a few years back, that a new American master had risen to join Hemingway and Faulkner, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. I still think, myself, that the claims were premature at the time. They rested on one novel, *The Adventures of Augie March*, which struck me as big with promise, but in itself disappointing and misguided. For some time before it appeared, it may be recalled, there had been much critical hubbub on both sides of the Atlantic about the need for a picaresque revival. Literature, they said, had lost touch with its great public; grown academic, formal, introspective. It needed a fresh wallow in common clay; more matter, with less art; a return to the loose-limbed, copious vigour of the founders of the novel. New societies, after all, had emerged from the war both here and in America. Literature should leave its ivory towers and decaying mansions, and jostle in their markets. Over here, the junior English dons declared a holiday for ids, and launched the vogue of the peregrinatory post-war scapegrace; and, rather belatedly, we discovered Joyce Cary. In America, there was a dispirited Dreiser revival, mercifully arrested by Professor Trilling, and Mr. Bellow's novel.

Not that *Augie March* lacked energy, exactly. But there was a carefulness to its zest, a slightly strenuous air of some other bird than a swallow trying to pass itself off as a summer. The trouble is that in America picaresqueness becomes involved with public duty. It becomes part of the argument which, for almost as long as America has had a literature, has tugged her writers either toward Whitman or toward Poe. What should an artist do in the New World? Try, like Poe, to fashion amid its vast flux what small perfection he can; make his own declaration of independence, retire into his private imagination, and forge there, in cunning and exile, tiny silver urns—conscious, finished, single in effect—of timeless order? Or swell, with Whitman, the endless lyric of America; making himself a mirror for the giant republic, whose melting-pot itself reflects mankind, and catching an image of all its sprawling, turbid vitality? The first way, that of James, Edith Wharton, Wallace Stevens, has always seemed obscurely a betrayal. Of the two characteristic forms of fiction the tension of these poles has produced, Americans prefer, or think they should, the enormous personal Odysseys whose hulks litter the spoor of the Great American Novel: Dreiser, Henry Miller, Thomas Wolfe. *Augie March* attempted to reproduce by conscious craft Wolfe's titan and torrential spontaneity, with some success. But ultimately the artifice showed thin, and wistful. Augie, it emerged, was no glad vagabond seeking to embrace America, but rather a sombre Ishmael, in quest of an order America failed to give, by which he might be embraced. Now, significantly, Mr. Bellow has taken for protagonist a kind of failed Wolfe hero, who finds refuge in a traditional ritual. And to tell his tale he has fallen back on that alternative American form,

less popular but of a brilliant history, the short novella. The result is a worthy addition to the genre of *Benito Cereno* and *The Aspern Papers*, *A Lost Lady* and *The Old Man and the Sea*. It reveals, triumphantly, the real nature and extent of Mr. Bellow's talent.

Essentially, what he has written is a tragedy. The day he seizes from his hero's life marks Tommy Wilhelm's descent to the bottom of fortune and self-understanding. Tommy is one of those big, bewildered Americans who shamble through life like colossi who have evaded their burdens. He has always managed to shift the weight of his own life from his broad athlete's back on to some other shoulders. The name Tommy tells it all. He chose it himself when he threw up university for the mirage of a Hollywood career, to symbolise the boyish golden freedom he hoped to find perpetually. Now he is forty-four and a failure, mooning heavily round the elderly New York hotel where his father, a successful Jewish doctor, lives in dapper, scornful retirement; the foolish name hanging on him as untidily as his Californian sports clothes. He has walked out of the last job, and his marriage. Now, still dreading responsibility, he trusts his savings to a parrot-faced charlatan named Professor Tamkin, who encourages him, with woolly 'inspirational' rhetoric, to go on gathering rosebuds. 'Seize the day', caws Tamkin, beadily; but the day brings downfall. Cheated, refused help or mercy, finally on his own, the big, gored creature lurches away crying through the streets: realising on his shoulders the load of his condition, the desperation of the world. For all its brevity, *Seize the Day* is a larger achievement than *Augie March*. Mr. Bellow shares with Arthur Miller an ability to hear the gawky poetry in semi-educated American speech. I wish I knew an English writer who shared his ability to extract the poetry from the failures and stupidities of common people; who could understand a Tommy Wilhelm, and write of him as Mr. Bellow does, with pity, power, and, yes, love.

Brendan Gill, as you might expect of *The New Yorker's* fiction critic, also prefers the path of Poe. Perhaps he follows it in his second novel, *The Day the Money Stopped*, further than its end. Poe demanded unity, brevity, a work which could be read at a sitting. Mr. Gill gives him the story of an hour and a half, exactly the time it takes to read the book, in the lives of four people in a single room. Charlie Morrow, prodigal and brazen, walks into his good young brother's office, and learns that their father cut him out of his will. An hour and a half later, every device of charm, blackmail, and family nostalgia exhausted, he walks out again, having swallowed the realisation that there will be no more Cadillacs to crash, and no more cushions. In effect, Mr. Gill has written a well-made play, concerned, in the manner of the genre, with money and *haut-bourgeois* family life with single set, 2m., 2f. It makes a clever piece, springing its turns with well-judged regularity, unravelling the strands of the past ingeniously from

their neatly knotted present: an impeccable bit of craftsmanship. But no more than that. For once, the epithet which more often than any other has been misapplied to *New Yorker* writing fits Mr. Gill's little feat. It is slick.

The economic terseness of William Rogers' *The Unromantics* also comes, I should guess, out of North America via Hemingway. Under the choppy surface of his restrained understatement, and the laconic dialogue of his smart, unhappy young sprigs of the surtax class, stirs the sentimentality and bewilderment of those mythopoetic exiles in *The Sun Also Rises*. But there are worse models than Papa: the resulting story is under-written almost to crypticism, but firmly constructed and controlled. Two young men, one rich and bored, the other a sturdy rowing blue, join casually to spend their first summer down from Cambridge working their way across Canada. A volatile former girl friend of the first joins them for the ride. As they straggle through the dry continental heat of a Canadian summer towards the elusive Rockies, their English characters crack and peel like paint. The smart hardness of the wealthy boy and girl breaks down the rowing man's gentle virtue; but in the end it is he who adapts happily to Canada, they who flee back east, unstrung by its huge impersonality and their own self-disgust. All the Hemingway stiffness of upper lip is necessary to control the sentiment potential of the story, and it doesn't wholly succeed. But the Jamesian horror of the debauchery of innocence takes its effect. Mr. Rogers hasn't made the most of his unusual material—Canada remains sketchy, like a photograph over-exposed to the sun—but he does what he wants with it, decisively and, now and then, movingly.

Economy plays no part in *Shadow of the Moon*, the large novel M. M. Kaye has written to mark the centenary of the Indian Mutiny. It heaps on colour—secret rituals, torture and butchery, forest fire, stampede, battle and monsoon—with the brush of an artist aware she must compete, and possibly do an eventual merger, with the cinema. The plot, a romance between a half-Spanish enchantress and an enlightened cavalry captain, becomes excessively cinematic, and tedious. But the author is less interested by it than events, and even admits that much of the time her hero is too busy to think of love. Miss Kaye is a great-niece of the historian of the Mutiny, and with respect to her background is serious, enlightened, and copiously informed. Like *Gone with the Wind*, presumably its model, the book offers a good deal of detailed history in palatable form, retaining the traditional versions, in a framework of mild modern liberalism, of such incidents as the fall of the Red Fort, the siege of Lucknow, and the Cawnpore massacre. And occasionally, as when her heroine, used to the black-and-white evening dress of Europe, sees for the first time the full splendour of a Calcutta residency ball, vivid with Indian silks and brilliant regimentals, the history and romance fuse in that peculiar excitement which justifies this kind of historical fiction at its best.

RONALD BRYDEN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Pomp and Circumstance

NO DOUBT THIS article ought to present a clear and critical survey of the magnificent sequence of scenes in Paris and Versailles last week which television presented so lavishly for us absentee outsiders. But, alas, when I look back on the torrent of events that flooded my screen all I see is a glittering confusion. There are gifted persons, usually scientists, who can squint down a microscope with one eye and with the other simultaneously make a drawing of what they see, but this accomplishment has been denied me. If I take notes I don't view, if I view I don't take notes. In a programme such as 'The Brains Trust' it is easy enough to alternate these activities, but the whole point of this series of broadcasts was the spectacle, and when the spectacle went wrong, when we waited outside various historical buildings for the royal guests to arrive, there was nothing to say and Richard Dimbleby said it, and said it, let me at once add, with considerable loquacity, throwing in now and then interesting historical details which for the vast majority of viewers were no sooner caught than forgotten.

The crowning event of all was the superb pageantry that attended the procession on the Seine in the official barge of the City of Paris. Here television came into its own, thanks to the near field of vision provided by the river, and it took full advantage of its opportunity, presenting scene after scene of breath-taking beauty. In each the subtle effect of the constantly changing gradations from dazzling light through silvers and greys of every tone to black darkness almost made one forget the absence of colour. It was a voyage through fairyland. Here again Mr. Dimbleby commented where comment was necessary, pointing out historical buildings as they swung into view through the bridges and giving us the programmes of the various lively historic scenes enacted on the river banks at various stages of the journey, although, as it turned out, these details were not close enough for us viewers to grasp their significance; they formed simply a series of attractive shapes and



Fireworks over the Seine during the Queen's State visit to France last week

movements which added to the general liveliness of the scene.

At the gorgeous indoor events in Paris and Versailles television was reduced to the status of an uninvited guest who had to make do with fleeting glimpses, to ferret out the essential picture from the quickly moving company (in the Louvre, for instance, in the scenes preceding the banquet in the Hall of the Caryatids), and to undergo total eclipse behind the broad backs of personages who seemed sometimes to be stubbornly and deliberately standing bang in front of the camera. In these difficult circumstances we were admirably grateful to the skill of those wielding them for the considerable amount we did see.

It was a strange and startling transition on Tuesday to pass from the glittering fairyland of the Seine to the horrifying scenes of 'Hitler', the first programme of a series of four called 'Portraits of Power'. Hitler's career was described by Alan Bullock, Hugh Trevor-Roper, and Ernst Hanfstaengl, who knew Hitler intimately from 1920 to 1933, and the accompanying film was composed of extracts from film

records in the official archives. The programme gave appalling evidence of Hitler's diabolical nature, in his face and gestures as he harangued his vast audiences and also, in the faces of those who listened to him, of his power to hypnotise them.

On the following evening viewers suffered another abrupt change of air when, after leaving the banquet at the Louvre, they found themselves, in the second instalment of 'Now', at H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the Royal Naval Shore Establishment at Gosport which in the last two and a half years has trained some 5,000 men to rise to the surface from a submarine 100 feet under water without any artificial breathing apparatus. The training takes place in a tank 18 feet in diameter and 100 feet deep. The Officer in Command explained the methods to Raymond Baxter. His companion, Bob Danvers-Walker, who had gone through the preliminary training, actually joined the party of instructors who had already demonstrated a series of ascents and himself made his first attempt. I watched him with some anxiety, but he surfaced safe and sound, though a little breathless and unmistakably a wet bob. A note in *Radio Times* had alarmed me with the information that I would be able to share his experience with him. To my relief this proved to be untrue, but at least I was able to watch him as he soared from bottom to top. This thrilling broadcast demonstrated not only what the modern sailor but what television can do.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

### DRAMA

#### Old Friends

THE ADDRESS is in north London—Ferndale, Laburnum Grove, Shooters Green—and the house is much as we have remembered it. For once, on Sunday night, we were allowed a look at the exterior. It was, we agreed, just the kind of place in which George Radfern, without prickle of conscience, would have enjoyed his Sunday supper: ham and tongue, stewed fruit and custard, and, of course, the Radfern tomatoes.

There has been one change. Ferndale no longer has a 'wireless' but a 'telly'. I noticed,



'Portraits of Power—I. Adolf Hitler', on April 9: a programme based on authentic records, film, and official archives. Above, the Fuehrer; left, a Nazi rally in the stadium at Nuremberg





A great reed-warbler attacking a stuffed cuckoo placed near its nest: a photograph by Eric Hosking shown in 'Look—Portraits of Birds' on April 11

too, that when George with his most milky-innocent look, was saying (of counterfeit notes), 'I shouldn't have thought it could have been done these days', he was careful to mutter something about 'with a bit of wire through it'.

Still, 'Laburnum Grove' wants little bringing up to date. It was always an honest comedy, one that Mr. Priestley—as he has recorded—planned in a nursing-home and wrote rapidly during convalescence. (Some current plays seem, I hazard, to have been written before their authors entered the nursing-home.)

I was anxious, on Sunday, to find how the play would come through when one knew every move. Its idea is the still rather alarming one that the genial, pipe-smoking tomato-grower up the road may be a crook in a big way of business. Here is George Radfern, of Ferndale, Laburnum Grove. The house is not markedly different from its neighbours, Ben Machree, Mon Repos, and Heather Brow; but it is the home of a wholesale paper-merchant dealing in the wrong kind of paper: he is on the distributive staff of an organisation that forges bonds and counterfeit notes. George tells his daughter and various sponging hangers-on during Sunday supper, and the peaceful life of Laburnum Grove explodes in flame.

Even if we know that George must get away with it, Sunday's performance showed that the piece can hold us as it did when it was new. The fencing between the police-inspector and that solid, respectable citizen, Radfern, is as easy to accept as ever it was. There Priestley's accurate ear and his theatrical sense are precisely in tune. Moreover, on Sunday, James Hayter had the humorous ease and assurance, and the mellow peach-jelly voice, George needs. He might have said, more or less with Rosalind, 'Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited!' Jack Lambert's Inspector with the 'authoritative manner' loomed up first as the shadow of the Law outside the glass door-panel of Ferndale. Gerard Glaister, the producer, showed us round the house in the course of a production that had no tricky camera ideas: it was plain sailing that I imagine would have been enjoyed on identical screens at Mon Repos, Heather Brow, and Ben Machree.

Angela Baddeley could play the comfortable Mrs. Radfern on her head. Fortunately, on Sunday, she chose the right way up, and acted with steady cheer. Probably she and George and Elsie enjoyed their travels as much as I am sure the banana-eating Baxley and his wife (Raymond

Francis and Ruth Gower, nicely peevish) loathed their journey to Scotland. Mr. Priestley assures us—and I suppose he knows—that this was in 'a stopping train to Dundee'.

By now, doubtless, the people of the see-Britain-first serial, 'Joyous Errand', ought to be my old friends; but I am on no better terms with them than during the exposition. The title got its chance in the second instalment: 'I'm merely on an errand, that's all'.—'I hope it's a joyous one'. We must all hope so; I find my grave attention cracking at such exchanges as 'Do you really believe we can find a shirt after fourteen years'.—'I must clear my husband's name'.

Well, there they are. They have got away quickly from Cornwall; they have called at Gloucester (comic Irishwoman); they have been to an amateur ballroom-dancing contest at Cardiff; and now they are bound for Birmingham (which is where George Radfern was going on business). I can merely assume that the serial will benefit from



'Laburnum Grove' on April 14 with (left to right) Frederick Jaeger as Harold Russ, Gillian Owen as Elsie Radfern, James Hayter as George Radfern, and Sam Kydd as Joe Fletten

this constant change of air; and I face the third instalment resolutely. One day, perhaps, we shall be on a stopping-train to Dundee.

Some of our very old friends turned up in Movie Museum's fifteen minutes of 'Lady Windermere's Fan'. Wittily, Ernst Lubitsch made this as a silent film in 1925. I presume his sub-titles avoided too much of Wilde's unbelievably dreadful serious dialogue. I have always enjoyed 'Why is he not here, to wake by passionate words some fire within me? I am cold—cold as a loveless thing'. On the whole, my favourite speech is the chatty 'To shut one's eyes to half of life that one may live securely is as though one blinded oneself that one might walk with more safety in a land of pit and precipice'.

Lubitsch's elegant, flickering people, in the fashions of 1925, came through as quite human—even if, in the snippets we saw, the young Ronald Colman had not begun to act—and it was charming to spend a good deal of the extract on an irrelevant racecourse.

Winifred Atwell, some friends, and a variety of pianos, had a useful Sunday half-hour. I cannot think of any complaints from Shooters Green if the Radferns were watching.

J. C. TREWIN

## Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Dust in the Sky

HONOURABLE PERSONAGES who demean themselves to bestow refined attention on this degrading column are doubtless painfully aware of their contemptible scribe's benighted capacity for ludicrous misinterpretation. His latest and certainly most intolerable enormity suffuses his sallow and unprepossessing countenance with vermilion embarrassment. Hearing the meritorious opening lines of Elder Father King Bull's elegant presentation of 'The Repair of Heaven' in the illustrious Third Programme on Tuesday:

Without merits that would entitle me to repair the blue sky

In vain shall I have entered the red-dust for so many years,

he was treasonably reminded of the Dragon Countenance, the Imperial Mandarin Yan Jay who, on the preceding afternoon of the new moon, ravished the elegant expanses of the esteemed Corporation's Concert Hall with his melodious announcement of New Lamps for Old. (As the superior story-teller Kai Lung has sapiently observed, 'In shallow water dragons become the laughing-stock of shrimps'.) So abject is the stupidity of this repulsive person that he ridiculously fails to understand how when a third is taken from a Third a Third remains. He cannot comprehend how a smaller cave can contain an undiminished variety of riches without reduction of its principal objects. He has never appreciated that a generous

provision of popular songs is adequate compensation for economic representation of Aladdin's treasure. But he must instantly cease to offend



Scene from 'The Hands' on April 11, with Frank Pemberton as the barman and George Howe (standing at the bar) as Mr. Bottomley



adulgent patrons by performing a vulgar undry scene in this conspicuous place and gently await the season of autumnal enlightenment with utterly inadequate sensations of jubilation, merely observing that the Imperial Mandarin has temporarily mislaid a fan.

It was an accomplishment to reduce to less than three hours' traffic at the mike the 400-odd characters of Tsao Hsueh-Chin's eighteenth-century novel. If I describe it as a sort of Chinese 'Camino Real' I may be suspected of irresponsible topicality. But in the first dream the story-teller sees on the stone arch at the frontier between Spiritual Perception and Great Void Illusion Country the couplet:

When the unreal is taken for the real, the real becomes unreal.

When non-existence is taken for existence, existence is then non-existence.

That not an Oriental parallel to Tennessee Williams' play upon the word 'real' (disillusioning experience) and the Spanish 'real' which employs for a certain royalty of spirit that makes the rare romantic through the archway leading out of the nightmare world into the unknown?

At the outset the allegorical apparatus of the Chinese tale seems confusingly elaborate. In following the star-crossed love of Black Jade for the susceptible young man named Pao-Yu, we are to bear in mind that he was born with a piece of rare jade the size of a bird's egg in his mouth (the egg is obviously a rebirth symbol). When the fabric of heaven was being repaired with 6,501 translucent blocks, someone dropped this trick. It was able to come and go as it pleased and could assume any size at will. It is now Pao-Yu's pendant. Moreover, it tended a blade of grass of the sort known as Carmine Pearl, watering it with the luxuriant essence of Heaven and Earth, and the blade of grass was able finally to assume the form of the young girl, Black Jade. The terrestrial blade of grass points heavenwards and the celestial stone weighs earthwards, but retains latent spiritual potentialities. Ultimately, after the narrative has been sentimentally and ironically diversified with almost all the incidents that can be cast from three generations of a prolific Chinese family and their innumerable maidservants, Pao-Yu loses his jade and his wits, Black Jade pines away, and he is married to another girl under the delusion that she is Black Jade. However, the jade is mysteriously restored, as though by Black Jade's intercession in the blue sky, and Pao-Yu shakes the red dust from his shoes to follow the path of spiritual enlightenment until he attains the Heaven to which he must repair.

A more radical adaptation even than Mr. King Bull attempted might make this delightful story more easily appreciable on both its levels. His dramatic line is, at the beginning, too intricate for the unprepared listener to follow confidently at a first hearing. The problem of sustaining a Chinese style in English is also formidable. Mr. King Bull rightly relied on music. I am unable to judge the authenticity of the mode created by Peter Crossley-Holland, an expert on Chinese music, but its effect was convincing and enchanting. The company seemed to me to make an able but not outstanding attempt to create a style of speech suited to the language. But they were inclined to put too much western emotion into it, and to leave latent the ironies which Mr. King Bull's text often allowed to lurk too deep beneath an inscrutable surface. His literary style might, really, have been still more highly polished, but 'The Repair of Heaven' at least deserved its expansive treatment in the blue sky of broadcasting, now threatened with a new sand-storm of red dust.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Purpose of Literacy

ALTHOUGH THE B.B.C.'s statement last week on its policy for sound broadcasting was far from explicit in its details, one could at least see how determined the Corporation is to give generous time to 'the spoken word'. In this context, of course, the phrase doesn't refer to words spoken in drama or quiz shows or Guest Nights; it is a misnomer referring to words that in general are very carefully written in the form of talks or, in the case of discussion programmes, carefully prepared. Almost alone among the broadcasting authorities of the world the B.B.C. has from the first realised its responsibility in the task of raising the standards of literacy in the country, and most of this vital work has been done in the department of 'the spoken word'. The pill has usually been well-sugared, but even such highly entertaining programmes as 'Any Questions?' are inspired by the B.B.C.'s fine zeal for mass education.

I don't share all the sorrow that has been expressed in some quarters over the reduction of the Third Programme's time—though a loss of fourteen hours a week seems unduly heavy. During the last few years the Third Programme does seem to have been hard put to it to fill its spaces with really worth-while material; I for one hope we shall see no more long adaptations of contemporary novels—probably the most pointless activity the Third Programme has been reduced to. But if, as I gather it does, the reduction in time means fewer repeats, the Third Programme may sense a slightly decreased enthusiasm among its circle of contributors. The fee for one performance would seem adequate only to the most idealistic of souls. I only hope the Third won't find it has spited its face by cutting off its nose.

It is difficult to imagine the form of the proposed Network Three. Spoken word programmes displaced from the Home and Light services will be taken care of here and 'much of their work in the sphere of further education will be carried out in this network'; and it will broadcast programmes for minority audiences. But what kind of minority audiences—high, middle, or low-browed? I hope talks which should by rights be on the Third Programme won't be tricked into appearing on this odd little network which has every chance of being the outsider among the services. It seems to be a move in the wrong direction to separate the 'educative' elements in the Home and Light services from the rest. When they are cheek by jowl with rock 'n' roll and Mr. Vic Oliver they stand more than a chance of becoming popular, but tucked away they may be lost entirely, or only listened to by a devoted minority.

In a talk on the Third Programme called 'The Challenge of Illiteracy' Professor M. M. Lewis had many things to say that seemed relevant to the proposed changes. His concern was not with complete illiteracy, but with the 15-20 per cent. of the adult population who fail in 'functional' literacy, can read but are unable really to understand what they read. Professor Lewis defined the purpose of literacy as participation in society, the living of a life which is of value to society as a whole, and he looked upon 'participation' and 'communication' as a dual principle. There is certainly no more powerful weapon for communication of this kind than sound and visual broadcasting; and even if Professor Lewis' platonic vision of a beautifully articulated society composed of beautifully participating citizens is not my own vision, only a fool would reject the benefits to society that can come from wireless and television. And the B.B.C. must be constantly made aware of its responsibilities.

But to turn to a less serious aspect of last week's programmes in the spoken word. Travel

talks, with appropriate sound recordings, are some of the best entertainments the Home Service offers. Last week there was a talk by Mr. Brian Moser about his life in a Borneo village as a member of the Cambridge University expedition to Borneo. It was amusingly based on Mr. Moser's experiences with one of those 'potent local brews' without which no far-flung travel book is complete. Having drunk *pulque* in Mexico, *chicha* in Honduras, *cassiri* in Guiana and *paiwari* in Brazil—and hated the lot—I was extremely interested to hear Mr. Moser's account of *tapai*, the rice wine. One detail he left out; he never told us whether, like my *paiwari* and *cassiri*, the fermentation was begun with enzymes from human spittle. His recordings of the gong music announcing the *tapai* feast and the songs sung during those long hours of solid alcoholic absorption were used with great beauty and effect. Altogether it was an excellent talk, delivered with modest charm and humour.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Half a Loaf

THE NEW SCHEME for the future of sound broadcasting, published last week, does not fulfil the worst fears of those who rely on the Third Programme for entertainment and education. The Programme is not to close down but will be severely curtailed, two hours being knocked off its allotted time in favour of a new programme which is given the somewhat uninviting title of 'Network Three'.

Into this new net are to be swept the educational items in the Home Service and Light Programme. I hope that room will also be found in it for some of the more academic papers on specialised subjects now broadcast in the Third. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the curtailed programme is to maintain its service to the art of music, which is its most important function. This is not to belittle the splendid contribution it has made during the past ten years to the drama and to scientific, literary, and philosophical study. But music is the material that is above all (if I may use the expression we learnt from our Latin grammar) meet to be broadcast. And it is no exaggeration to say that the comparatively flourishing condition of music, including the astonishing popularity of the gramophone, is largely due to the activities of the Music Department of the Third Programme, which themselves represent an extension of the policy initiated long ago when the 'C' in B.B.C. stood for 'Company'.

I see that the Third Programme Defence Society has condemned the new plan as a downright 'disaster'. This seems something of an overstatement, unless we are to regard as suspect the B.B.C.'s promise that the Third Programme shall remain independent and flexible—flexibility including the lengthening of its hours to include long operas and, presumably, outside broadcasts of performances that begin before eight o'clock. We are also promised that there will be 'more music of every kind'—and I hope that means what it says—in the Home Service, so that, while the Society should be vigilant in insisting that these promises are fulfilled, it would do well to accept, as better than no bread, the rather more than half a loaf offered.

There is one other aspect of the matter that calls for comment. Nothing has, so far as I know, been said about the financing of the Third Programme. If its budget is to be cut in proportion to the reduced time allowed, the present rather unsatisfactory position will persist. As I remarked a month ago, there have been signs that the programme has been starved of funds and has had to rely too much on commercial recordings and on those rather shabby little



# NOW REPRINTED! The Revised Edition of THE ART of Record Buying

Due to the tremendous demand for the latest edition of *The Art of Record Buying* we have been forced to reprint.

What a boon *The Art* is to the record buyer for with it he can select from all the microgroove records of serious music issued in this country, the best versions of any particular work.

The new edition includes every recommended microgroove record of serious music published up to and including September 1956, and with the system of grading keyed in the first part of the book the reader is able to tell at a glance whether the selected disc has the musical and technical qualities required.

The reprint is ready now but limited in number and already selling fast. The cost only 5/-.

If you were unlucky on the first printing please write today so that we can send you a copy.

**EMG HANDMADE  
GRAMOPHONES LTD**  
6, NEWMAN STREET, LONDON, W.1



## Design for living

Every well designed home *must* include a planned Hi Fi system for radio and record reproduction. Architect and client are equally welcome at Imhofs, where the finest hi fi equipment is available in an exclusive range of contemporary cabinets. Imhofs illustrated Hi Fi Catalogue contains a wealth of interesting information—write for a copy today.

# IMHOFS

ALFRED IMHOF LIMITED, Dept. 64, 112-116 New Oxford Street, London, WC1: MUSEum 7878



*A gracious welcome  
to your guests*

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-

## Provide your own pension tax free and guaranteed

(or add to your existing pension provisions)  
by effecting now a Personal Pension Policy with  
"The Old Equitable". Enquire for details at your  
present age of a pension from age 65.

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.

No shareholders

No agents

Please send details of "The Personal Pension Policy" to

.....  
.....

My date of birth is .....  
L

## DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL

(May 12th - 26th)

### ROYAL BALLET,

### COVENT GARDEN

(Theatre Royal: May 13th - 18th)  
Swan Lake—Les Sylphides—  
Checkmate—Birthday Offering  
Margot Fonteyn—Michael Somes  
Elaine Fildes—Nadia Nerina, etc.  
Tickets: 4/- to 21/-

### ITALIAN OPERA SEASON

(Gaiety Theatre: April 22nd - May 25th)  
La Traviata—Andrea Chenier—Don  
Pasquale—Tosca—Aida—Barber of Seville  
—20 famous Opera Stars from Rome—  
Tickets: 5/- to 15/-

### OLYMPIA THEATRE

(May 13th - 25th)  
First Week  
Festival Production:  
THE IMPORTANCE OF  
BEING EARNEST  
Margaret Rutherford—Robert Eddison  
Derek Blomfield—Perlita Neilson

Second Week

### THEATRE NATIONAL

### POPULAIRE, PARIS

Le Malade Imaginaire—Le Faiseur  
Tickets: 4/- to 12/6d.

### ABBEY THEATRE

(May 13th - 25th)  
Festival Production:  
JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK  
Golden Jubilee Production:  
THE PLAYBOY OF THE  
WESTERN WORLD  
Tickets: 1/6d. to 7/-

### GATE THEATRE

(May 14th - 25th)  
(Edwards—MacLiammoir—Longford  
Productions)  
Festival Production:  
THE OLD LADY SAYS NO  
Tickets: 2/6d. to 10/-

### GLOBE THEATRE COMPANY

(May 15th - 26th)  
Season of Years' Plays  
Tickets: 3/6d. to 6/6d.

### PIKE THEATRE

(May 12th - 26th)  
The Rose Tattoo  
by Tennessee Williams  
also Concerts and late night Revues

### BOOKING AGENTS:

Keith Prowse, all branches.

### FESTIVAL OF CORK

(May 12th - June 9th)

### PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA

(City Hall: May 19th - 20th)  
Conducted by: Efrem Kurz  
Soloists: Louis Kentner (Piano)  
Yehudi Menuhin (Violin)

### CORK BALLET COMPANY

(City Hall: May 12th - 18th)  
Moy Mall—Capriccio Espagnol—Giselle

### INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL

(City Hall: May 22nd - 26th)  
Continental and Irish Choirs and Folk  
Dancing with German, French, Swiss,  
Swedish and Irish Teams.

### WORLD FILM WEEK

(Savoy Cinema: June 2nd - 9th)  
New Feature Films—Documentary  
Films—Famous Film Stars and  
Directors will attend

### BOOKING (Postal):

Festival Office, 25, Patrick Street,  
CORK



concerts of orchestral works by *petits maîtres*, which hardly deserve their place in the 'Third'. If the shortened Third Programme is put in a position to ensure that everything that is done shall be done in the best possible style, then the sacrifice of two hours will not be too high a price for the higher standard of performance.

During the week under review Rudolf Schwarz, who is succeeding Sir Malcolm Sargent as conductor-in-chief, though still not as permanent director, of the B.B.C. Orchestra, has directed the orchestra in a number of programmes. None of them contained a standard classic by which the conductor's interpretative powers could be readily assessed, save the 'Oberon' Overture, of which he gave a rather affectedly finicky performance. Nor did he bring out fully the limpidity of Roussel's 'Bacchus

and Ariadne' Suite, which is lucid as well as luscious. For the rest, he faithfully accompanied Denis Matthews in his eloquent performance of John Ireland's Pianoforte Concerto and Eric Parkin in the same composer's 'Legend', a rarely heard piece of considerable poetic charm.

Besides Ireland, the Polish composer, Tansman, has been 'featured', as they say, during the week. His 'Sinfonia piccola' and 'Polish Dances' suggest the competent *petit maître*, but the oratorio 'Isaiah', given on Friday and Saturday by the B.B.C. Chorus and Orchestra, with Lloyd Strauss-Smith as tenor soloist, is a more considerable work. It opens with an impressive chorus built up effectively over a solemn *ostinato* drum-figure. There was, perhaps, too much of the *ostinato* in the sequel, and the composer's invention was not always able to

sustain the interest of the opening. The jubilant chorus at the end seemed particularly weak. But the work is an interesting addition to the tale of modern oratorios and might commend itself to the Three Choirs' Festival.

Also heard with interest and pleasure were an excellent performance of Haydn's Opus 54, No. 2 in C major, and a good one of Bartók's First Quartet (in which the finale only lacked rhythmical conviction) by the Hirsch Quartet, the Allegri Quartet's fine playing in Tippett's Second Quartet, an enchanting duo for violoncellos by Couperin with a cantata by Marcello and a programme of twelfth-century French music edited by Gilbert Reaney—all witnesses to the Third Programme's fundamental vitality as a purveyor of music.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Mendelssohn's String Quartets

By JOHN HORTON

The first of a series of programmes of quartets by Mendelssohn and Cherubini will be broadcast at 9.25 p.m. on Wednesday, April 24 (Third)

THE idea of linking the names of Cherubini and Mendelssohn in a series of string quartet programmes has a sound historical basis. In spite of the disparity of their ages—Cherubini was sixty-five and Mendelssohn sixteen when they first met in Paris in 1825—a bond of mutual respect drew them together. Cherubini listened to the boy's B minor Piano Quartet, spoke graciously to the audience about it, and advised more economy of means—'*il met trop d'étoffe à son habit*'. Through Baillot, the leading Paris violinist, Mendelssohn became acquainted with Cherubini's chamber music, which contains some of the liveliest work of a great composer too long held up to ridicule as a desiccated reactionary, the persecutor of the student Berlioz in particular and of many nameless counterpoint students in general. The minuet and trio of his E flat Quartet (written in 1809) may have suggested the scherzo of the wonderful String Octet which Mendelssohn put on to paper soon after his meeting with Cherubini.

Mendelssohn's six completed string quartets belong to three distinct periods of his short life. The two earliest (Op. 12 in E flat and Op. 13 in A) are contemporary with some of his finest orchestral pieces—the 'Hebrides' Overture and the Italian Symphony; the three Op. 44 quartets (No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E minor—the first in order of composition—and No. 3 in E flat) were written during 1837-8, and are associated with the chamber concerts given by Ferdinand David's quartet at the Leipzig Gewandhaus; and finally Op. 80 in F minor—with its unfinished successor represented by the Andante and Scherzo of Op. 81—belongs to the last year of the composer's life, when the strain of overwork and the shock of bereavement had intensified his longing for quiet and leisure to compose in a more intimate and more intense style—'sharp and close and strict' were the words he is said to have used to describe it.

Both the first two quartets bear distinct marks of a reverence for Beethoven. The opening *Adagio non troppo* of Op. 12 is strongly reminiscent of the *poco adagio* of Beethoven's 'Harp' Quartet (Op. 74) in the same key, and when Op. 13, one of the most original and eventful of the series, was played in Paris in 1832, at least one listener mistook it for a work of Beethoven's. Most of all the spirit of Beethoven broods over the whole of Mendelssohn's Op. 80, from the contours of the opening figures with their striking similarity to the beginning of Beethoven's Op. 95, also in F minor, through the sardonic

second movement and the elegiac third, where an affinity with the *Adagio molto e mesto* of Beethoven's Op. 59 No. 1, seems to spring from a common experience of personal loss, and so to the obsessive rhythms and eerie scoring of the finale. From Beethoven also Mendelssohn learnt the secret of thematic development under such conditions as occur in the first movement of the E flat Quartet, Op. 44, No. 3, where the initial semiquaver figure is made to unify the entire structure.

Yet in spite of his debt to Beethoven and Cherubini, Mendelssohn is nowhere more spontaneous than in his chamber music. The scherzos especially have an imaginativeness that puts them on the same high level as similar movements in the piano and orchestral music. The scherzo of the String Octet is well enough known—though more frequently through orchestral transcriptions than in the original version—but the scherzo of the Quartet, Op. 44, No. 3, in E flat has perhaps even higher claims to attention; in subtlety it surpasses anything in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' score, and it brings into chamber music the magic wood-note that re-echoes through Brahms' trio for violin, horn and piano. Another movement in similar vein, with some fascinating rhythmic permutations, is the scherzo from the posthumous Four Pieces (Op. 81), and there are yet others in Op. 13 and Op. 44, No. 2.

Examples of another type of movement characteristic of Mendelssohn, the *Lied ohne Worte*, occurs in several quartets. Op. 13, whose first movement is based on one of the composer's songs *with words*—'*Ist es wahr?*'—has for its third movement an intermezzo in the style of a *Volkslied*, with a miniature scherzo as its middle section. All three of the Op. 44 quartets have song-like quiet movements—the word slow being better avoided, as the direction in Op. 44, No. 2 explicitly warns the players against dragging the tempo, and the corresponding movement of Op. 44, No. 1—a melody in B minor of haunting charm—is marked *Andante espressivo ma con moto*. The fine E flat Quartet, Op. 44, No. 3, has a true *Adagio* (but again with the caution *non troppo*), a movement of almost Schubertian luxuriance and harmonic enrichment; it has a close relation in the slow movement of Mendelssohn's A major String Quintet (Op. 18).

In the finest of these movements—and so many of them show the composer at his best—the string writing is splendidly lucid and alive. Here and there—usually in the finales—there are lapses into techniques and textures more appro-

priate to the piano and string ensemble or to the orchestra: examples may be found in the pianistic finale of Op. 12 where single *sforzando* notes and octaves call for the percussive quality of the piano, or the quasi-orchestral finale of Op. 44, No. 3. But these lapses are comparatively rare. Mendelssohn was enough of a string player to take his part as one of the violists in his own Octet or in one of Spohr's double quartets, although, as Hiller wrote, 'He never touched a stringed instrument the whole year round, but if he wanted he could do it as he could most other things'. His understanding of true string writing is revealed in page after page of the quartets: in the Haydnesque grace and wit of the minuet of Op. 44, No. 1 and the beautifully balanced and exquisitely finished *Andante* that follows it, in the middle movements of Op. 44 No. 3, in the tragic *Adagio* of Op. 80, and never more remarkably than in the early Quartet in A, Op. 13 which surprised the Parisian connoisseurs with its modernity.

Musicians of today who associate the works of Mendelssohn with tame melody, restricted harmony, and an over-refined attitude to part-writing may have overlooked the youthful boldness of Op. 13 where the influence of late Beethoven and Mendelssohn's instinctive sense of instrumental values combine to provide a texture that is full of strong linear interest, of sonorous spacing, and of harmonic acerbities. At this time of day we shall be unwilling to agree with critics of Mendelssohn's own age who approved his tendency to file down the sharp edges of his contrapuntal writing and thus gradually and unconsciously reject so much of what Beethoven and Bach had taught him.

The last complete quartet, Op. 80, shows a return to earlier ideals in the light of mature experience, and is an earnest of what might have been a fresh period of creativity if life had been spared. The old fluency, so often tending towards facility, has already been replaced by a tautness and toughness, an austerity of texture and a use of rhythmic syncopation that produces, in the second movement particularly, a tension and compactness of utterance that is not only unlike anything else in Mendelssohn, but is difficult to compare with any other composer between Beethoven and Brahms. This is not easy music from any point of view; indeed, the whole series of quartets demands perfection of technique and the most sensitive interpretation. Given these conditions, they occupy a place in the repertory of chamber music that can be filled by no other works of their period.



# Is it really exciting?

LIFE seems exciting, certainly, if you read the popular newspapers. Hardly a day goes by without murder, divorce, sex and violence, making the front-page headlines. Will you find things different in the Manchester Guardian?

Different—yet hardly less exciting. For truth is not only stranger than fiction—it is stranger than half-truth or hysteria. The Manchester Guardian works on the assumption that good reporting, in good English, is the core of good journalism. The excitement is in the news itself. (If the day's news is *not* exciting, neither huge type nor scare words will really make it so.)

Habit makes slaves of us all. But if you can bring yourself to make a change, to try the Manchester Guardian as your daily paper—you may find that journalism has a new meaning, a new value, for you.

## FOR YOUR DIARY

THE  
ANNUAL MEETING  
of the  
BRITISH & FOREIGN  
BIBLE SOCIETY  
will be held in the  
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER  
ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 1st, 1957, at 11 a.m.

★ The Rev. Dr. Norman J. Cockburn will give a report on the year's work.

ADDRESSES WILL BE GIVEN BY

★ Dr. Martin Niemöller—President of the Church of Hesse and Nassau.

★ The Rev. W. J. Bradnock, M.A.—Bible Society Secretary for Translations (recently returned from an extensive tour of East and West Africa).

Chairman: The Rev. Kenneth L. Parry, B.Sc., of the Free Church Federal Council.

Tickets for this Meeting can be obtained from  
The Home Department

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN  
BIBLE SOCIETY

146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.







## Study at Home and Pass

Wolsey Hall, Oxford (founded in 1894) can successfully prepare you by post for the General Certificate of Education (all examining Boards): London University Degrees and Diplomas; also for Ordination, Teaching, Law, Banking, Secretarial, Statistical, and many other examinations: and in single subjects. Courses are conducted by a staff of over 100 graduate tutors: students receive individual attention: tuition is continued free in the event of failure. Fees are moderate, deferred terms if desired. Over 27,000 Successes since 1930. PROSPECTUS free from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE9.

### WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

**YOU can paint in Oils — with HAYWARD VEAL as your personal tutor at home in your spare time!**

It's fun . . . it's relaxing . . . the perfect hobby! The instruction is so clear, so simple, so personal that it's like having the famous artist right there at your elbow to guide you every inch of the way.

Never before has there been so perfect a method of teaching you right in your own home. Quickest, surest way to professional skill in painting.

Write today for free Hayward Veal Oil Painting prospectus to:—

**PITMAN COLLEGE OF ART**

296 Pitman House, Godalming, Surrey.

## Reginald King

Pianist,  
Composer,  
of Radio and  
Concert fame,  
praises the  
CHAPPELL  
Concert  
Grand



Please write for details and name of nearest agents

**CHAPPELL**

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.

50 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Telephone: MAYfair 7600

## CLOSE YOUR INCOME GAP BY WRITING

Many people mean to take up writing—when they have the time. They keep putting it off and get nowhere. Are you one of these?

Nearly everyone who really tries can spare two or three hours a week on a profitable hobby and even at this rate much can be done in a year.

The market today is rapidly widening as the paper position improves. New publications are appearing—new avenues for free-lances.

The London School of Journalism was founded under the aegis of the great leaders of the Press and over a period of a third of a century has raised the level of personal coaching by correspondence to a height that draws praise from all parts of the world. Wherever you live you can study with the LSJ, and if you are attracted to writing—Stories, Articles, Poetry, Radio Scripts, Television Plays—write now to the School for advice.

Thousands of writers all over the world have been coached by the LSJ and successes often begin at an early stage of the Course. You may send a MS. for a free opinion if you wish, but in any case you should obtain the attractive, world-famous booklet 'Writing for the Press'. It is free on application to

Chief Secretary.

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM, 19, Hertford Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.  
GROsvenor 8250

"There are LSJ students all over the world."



*A safe opening*

Invest your savings profitably.

**NORWICH BUILDING SOCIETY PAYS**

**3½% ON PAID-UP SHARES**

As the Society pays the income tax this equals £6.1.9% at the standard rate of tax.

Write today for details

**Norwich**

BUILDING SOCIETY

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE, NORWICH

ASSETS EXCEED £10,750,000

## UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

U.C.C., founded 1887, with its staff of highly qualified Tutors, provides effective postal tuition at moderate fees payable by instalments, for:—

**General Certificate**

(Ordinary, Adv., and Schol. Levels)

London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univ., etc.

**London Univ. Degrees**

B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. (Econ.), B.Sc. (Soc.), LL.B., B.D.

A.C.P., L.C.P., and other TEACHERS' DIPLOMAS, PROFESSIONAL PRELIM., LAW, CIVIL SERVICE, LOCAL GOVT.

★ PROSPECTUS free from the Registrar, 56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

## SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for exams.: for B.A., B.Sc. Econ., LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service Local Government and commercial exams.: for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D/1).

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE**  
ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

## GRANADA

in the Sunny South of Spain

A superior holiday at amazingly low all-in cost at the Spanish language courses in the XVII-century Abbey of the Sacro Monte from 15th June (Vith International Festival of Music and Dancing and Corpus Christi Fiestas) to 24th August.

From beginners to advanced levels, with literature, music, art, guitar, climbing and skiing.

Minimum stay three weeks.

Pamphlet from  
**INSTITUTO DE LENGUAS MODERNAS,**  
Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY INC.,  
20/21, BLOOMSBURY WAY,  
LONDON, W.C.1.

### QUOTATIONS from EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

A booklet, "Divine Providence and Human Freedom", has just been issued containing a few of the many passages concerning the Divine Providence which are in Swedenborg's works.

"The Divine Providence . . . is universal because it extends to the most minute particulars. . ."

(Emanuel Swedenborg)

Price 6d. (postage 2d.)

Order from the Swedenborg Society (Dept. D) from whom can be obtained on request a catalogue of publications containing notes explanatory of the various items.

## MEN AT WORK

The work of the Life-boat crew is dangerous. They do it willingly. But without your help they cannot continue to rescue 600 lives a year at sea. Funds are urgently needed: send your contribution, however small, to:—

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland  
Secretary: Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.



A Scottish Coxswain